The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

BENJAMIN S. JONES, EDITOR. "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS." ANN PEARSON, PUBLISHING AGENT.

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THE KIDNAPPED MAN.

[The Cincinnati Gazette gives the following particulars of the Columbus kidnapping case, after the victim was taken from the Capital to the closing scene of Ohio subserviency in Cincinnati.]

At Xenia, yesterday morning, a telegraphic dispatch was received from Columbus, stating that a negro had been kidnapped, named John Rice, and was in the custody of parties on the train, passing South for Cincinnati, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

An affidavit was sworn out before Judge White, of the Common Pleas Court, and a writ of habeas corpus was issued, commanding the Sheriff of our county to take the body of said John Rice, and produce him forthwith before the Court, and to summon the persons having him in custody, to appear before the Court and show by what authority they detained him.

The writ was put in the hands of Sheriff Samuel Krumbaugh, for execution, who boarded the train, and found that the negro was locked up in the water closet, and guarded by some persons who it was afterwards found were United States Deputy Marshals, W. L. Manson, and his assistants.

The Marshals declared that they had him on a charge of stealing, and that any one who attempted to take him would do it at the peril of their lives. The Sheriff showed his writ, and demanded admittance to the prisoner. While they were parleying, the train started, carrying with it Sheriff and all. James Elliott, Attorney of this city, who had been in attendance on the Greene County Court for some days, happened to be on the train on his way home, and said that he would volunteer his services in behalf of the prisoner. He asked the Marshals to let him see the writ by which they held him, and to permit him to have an interview with the prisoner. This they refused to do, stating that when they got to Cincinnati a fair trial should be given him, and there would then be an opportunity to consult. Sheriff Krumbaugh having no jurisdiction beyond Greene County, he telegraphed to Sheriff Kessler to meet him at the depot, to serve the writ, and after the arrival of the train, a messenger was sent to our Sheriff, asking the attendance of himself or Deputies at the Marshal's office, to serve the writ, but no Deputies appeared. On the arrival of the train at the depot, a large party were in waiting to assist the Marshals, among whom the most conspicuous were J. H. Robinson, and several members of the Independent Detective Police. The negro was brought out of the closet manacled, and looking utterly frightened. [illegible] a hack which was filled with officers, and driven through back streets in great haste to the Custom House Building. Mr. Elliott, that the prisoner might not be hurried off without counsel, took a hack and arrived at the custom House Building at the same time with the prisoner.

The negro was hurried up stairs and back to the Marshal's office. Here a couple of men met the negro and appeared delighted to see him, and shaking hands with him. He did not return their recognition, and when they asked him if he knew them, he shook his head. They then hurried him to Commissioner Newhall's office. Mr. Elliott here spoke to the prisoner; told him that he was a lawyer and would undertake his defense. The prisoner was desirous to obtain his services; said his wife owned property at Mt. Gilead, Morrow county, and would compensate him, if he would undertake the defense. He said he was a free man and could prove it by witnesses at Mt. Gilead, that he had been induced to come down from Mt. Gilead to Columbus, by a man who promised to give him work, and that there he was seized.

Before Mr. Elliott had time to complete his conversation with the prisoner, or examine the writ, Commissioner Newhall called up a witness and the Hon. Geo. E. Pugh took a seat at the table as counsel for the claimant. Mr. Elliot here interposed and stated to the Court that the prisoner desired him to appear as counsel, and he asked for a postponement of the case until witnesses could be brought from Morrow county to establish his freedom.

The court replied that they would examine the witness present first, and consider that question afterward. Mr. Elliott insisted that the trial should not be commenced until the prisoner had time to produce his witnesses.

The court decided to proceed.

Henry P. Samuels testified that he resided in Barboursville, Cabell county, Virginia; that he was an Attorney at Law, that he had known the prisoner for many years, that he was the slave of Solomon Thornburg of Virginia, now dead. That Mr. Thornburg died in December, 1856, and that about that time the negro escaped from Virginia.

When Newhall had finished his examination of the witness, Mr. Elliott desired to cross-examine the witness, but Mr. Newhall would not permit it.

Mr Elliott insisted on his right to cross-examine, stating that his right had never been denied in any Court. The Court said they would not permit it now, and did not want to be interrupted.

James L. Thornburg was called, and swore that he was the son of Samuel Thornburg, deceased; that he knew the negro; that he was his father's slave, and now belonged to his sister, Mrs. Griffin, and that he escaped from Virginia the last day of February, 1854; that his name was recorded in their family Bible as Tobe or John Tyler.

Mr. Elliott asked to be permitted to cross-examine this witness, but the Court refused.

The Court here hauled out of his pocket some papers, which he said were depositions taken in Virginia, and that these papers, together with the testimony presented, made out the case, and that the Marshal was ordered to deliver him over to the claimant.

Mr. Elliott here interrupted, and asked if this man was to be hurried into slavery without any opportunity to cross-examine his accusers, or to offer testimony to rebut the testimony that had been presented. He said the most wretched murderer would not be condemned without a hearing and without an opportunity to make a defence, and was a man who was accused of no crime but that of escaping from slavery, to be condemned without an opportunity to rebut their testimony?

The Court said the case was ended, and the Marshals hurried him down stairs and took him across the river, the whole time of the trial not occupying more than fifteen minutes.

CONCERNING CAPTAIN BROWN, AND HIS ATAACK UPON THE PHILLISTINES.

[The following extracts from a small portion of the press, will give our readers some idea of the estimation in which the Harper's Ferry deed is held, by those whose Democratic obligations do not compel them to illustrate the fable of the Ass and the Dying Lion.]

From the Practical Christian.

The inhabitants of Virginia, Maryland, the District of Columbia, and the United States indefinitely, with the aid of the telegraph, the press, the heads of government in the "Old Dominion" and at Washington city, have been thrown into a spasm of excitement, by an attempt of Captain John Brown, alias "old Brown of Kansas" alias "Ossawatomie Brown the terror of Missouri Border Ruffians," to commence at Harper's Ferry, Va., on the 17th inst., a *red revolution for the abolition* of slavery throughout the Union. Captain Brown is one of those religious, praying, fighting abolitionists, who despise the "foolishness of preaching" and moral suasion in general, as unreliable instrumentalities for reforming pro-slavery sinners, who tire in waiting the slow processes of moral and political action against slavery, who preach bloody revolution for "righteousness sake," who believe themselves inspired to resort to carnal weapons in a just cause, and who adopt as their favorite motto the injunction given to his pious warriors by that revolutionary saint, Oliver Cromwell, ☞ "Trust in God and keep your powder dry." And he affords another noteworthy verification of Christ's memorable saying ☞ "All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword". He is denounced as a crazy fool by many whose principles are very like his own, though their discretion may be incomparably greater. He is also sympathized with by a scattered few up and down the land, whose abhorrence of slavery is so intense that they can hardly wait for its abolition by moral power, and who think anti-slavery vengeance excusable against pro-slavery violence.—We belong to none of these classes. We utterly abhor slavery, and also vengeful violence, insurrectionism, war and all resorts to carnal weapons, offensive and defensive, in any cause.

Captain Brown is neither a knave, a fool, a crazy man, nor a coward, but an honest milito-religious zealot, who verily believes himself commissioned of God to pray and fight for the liberation of the slaves. Like some other Anti-Slavery zealots he has larger self-esteem and combativeness than reason, more zeal than judgement, and really believes the mass of the slaves are ready to strike for their freedom the moment a competent hero is ready to give them arms and lead them; whereas not one them are ready for any such thing, and half of them would even fight for their masters.—As to the man's conscientiousness, courage and military martyr spirit he is probably superior to those who will be swift to punish him with death. If the authorities of Virginia were morally capable of adopting a masterly policy in his case, they would wreak no vengeance on him or his few fellow prisoners, but send them home under reasonable bonds to keep the peace for the rest of their lives. This would do much more to prevent insurrectionism of the same sort than any vindictive punishment. If they are treated with bitter severity, and executed, it will only lead on to aggravated revenges and an ultimate reign of terror.—But barbarism flows down through professed civilization, crying out "eye for eye, tooth for tooth, blood for blood, and life for life". So the never ending screw keeps turning, solemnized by prayers to God and curses on offending fellow men!

From the Liberator.

We have devoted a large portion of our present number to the publication of such particulars of the well-intended but sadly misguided effort of Capt. John Brown and his score of confederates, at Harper's Ferry, to liberate the slaves in Virginia, and ultimately throughout the South, as have been received, with the comments of various Democratic and Republican journals upon this outbreak, which are characterized by an equal mixture of ferocity and cowardice.

As to the plot itself, it is evident that few or none were privy to it, except the little band directly engaged in it; for though Capt. Brown had many to sympathise with him, in different parts of the country, in view of his terrible bereavements, perils and sufferings in Kansas, in defence of the freedom of that territory against Border Ruffian invasion, and were disposed to contribute not only to relieve his necessities, but also to facilitate the escape of slaves through his instrumentality to Canada, still an enterprise so wild and futile as this could not have received any countenance in that direction.

As to Capt. Brown, all who know him personally are united in the conviction that a more honest, conscientious, truthful, brave, disinterested man, (however misguided or unfortunate,) does not exist; that he possesses a deeply religious nature, powerfully wrought upon by the trials through which he has passed, that he has sincerely believed himself to have been raised up by God to deliver the oppressed, in this country in the way he has chosen, as did Moses in relation to the deliverance of the captive Israelites; that when he says, he aims to be guided by the Golden Rule, it is no cant from his lips, but a vital application of it to his own soul, 'remembering those that are in bonds as bound with them;' that when he affirms, that he had no other motive for his conduct at Harper's Ferry, except to break the chains of the oppressed, by the shedding of the least possible amount of human blood, he speaks 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth;' and that if he shall be (as he will speedily, beyond a peradventure) put to death, he will not die ignobly, but as a martyr to his sympathy for a suffering race, and in defence of the sacred and inalienable rights of man, and will therefore deserve to be held in grateful and honorable remembrance to the latest posterity by all those who glory in the deeds of a Wallace or Tell, a Washington or Warren. Read his replies to the interrogatories propounded to him by Senator Mason and others! Is there another man, of all the thirty millions of people inhabiting this country, who could have answered more wisely, more impressively, more] courageously, or with greater moral dignity, under such a trying ordeal? How many hearts will be thrilled and inspired by his utterances! Read, too, his replies in court with reference to his counsel! Where shall a more undaunted spirit be found? In vain will the sanguinary tyrants of the South and their Northern minions, seek to cover him with infamy:—

'Courts, judges can inflict no brand of shame,
Or shape of death, to shroud him from applause.'

For, by the logic of Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill, and by the principles enforced by this nation in its boasted Declaration of Independence, Capt. Brown was a hero, struggling against fearful odds, not for his own advantage, but to redeem others from a horrible bondage, to be justified in all that he aimed to achieve, however lacking in sound discretion. And by the same logic and the same principles, every slaveholder has forfeited his right to live, if his destruction be necessary to enable his victims to break the yoke of bondage; and they, and all who are disposed to aid them by force and arms, are fully warranted" in carrying rebellion to any extent, and securing freedom at whatever cost.

It will be a terribly losing day for all Slavedom when John Brown and his associates are brought to the gallows. It will be sowing seed broadcast for a harvest of retribution. Their blood will cry trumpet-tongued from the ground, and that cry will be responded to by tens of thousands in a manner that shall cause the knees of the Southern slave-mongers to smite together as did those of Belshazzar of old! O that they might avoid all this by a timely repentance!

From the National Era.

We give place this week to a long and interesting account of the revolutionary attempt at Harper's Ferry. We say revolutionary, because it was in no sense of the word a negro insurrection. Not a single slave was engaged in it; and it is therefore the height of absurdity to style it a negro insurrection.

Tremendous as the sensation produced by this affair has been, the fact is indisputable that only twenty men in the whole Union were found to engage in it. If any there shall be implicated as aiders and abettors, they have not been quite insane enough to embark their fortunes in it, and are on that very account the more culpable, because they cannot plead the excuse of downright madness.

No humane or reasonable man will for a moment sympathize with this effort to incite servile insurrection; no reasonable man could anticipate its success; and it argues utter ignorance of the circumstances, and of history, to expect good results from it, even if successful. The cause of emancipation has no worse enemies than these men. They disparage the cause of liberty by their bloody conspiracies, and bring odium and suspicion upon its friends.

Two classes of men will rejoice at this deplorable folly, viz: the misguided men who set them upon the bloody work, and the Democratic demagogues who, at any sacrifice of the peace of the South they profess to love so well, are ready to turn it into political capital. The Douglas organ of this city is of this class. It has been a God send to all such reckless politicians, and their only regrets are that it did not occur two weeks sooner, so that its effects might have been felt upon the October elections. The hue and cry they now raise, pretending to believe that the Republican party is responsible for Brown's schemes, is got up in a spirit of unmitigated demagogueism. The Washington States, the Constitution newspaper, the New York Herald, Express, Day Book, and other kindred sheets, are persistently charging this affair to the Republican party. They know that their assertions are false, libellous, and incendiary, but they have caught at it like a drowning man at a straw, and they will persist in it, though they know its tendency is to produce the very consequences they pretend to deprecate. They instil into the minds of the slaves the belief that the great and powerful Republican party is ready to trample on the Constitution and the rights of the States in the effort to liberate them, even although it should involve the extermination of the white race. This falsehood, well stuck to, they think, will produce a re-action in favor of the Black Democracy; and they reck not if it should cause the very insurrectionary spirit which they profess to abhor.

From the True American.

That Slavery must one day die a violent death, we have, for some time, steadfastly believed. That it may find a speedy end, peaceably or forcibly, we ardently hope. We prefer its extinction by moral argument and political suffrage; but at all costs, we prefer its extinction. Nothing should stand between Man and the rights which the God of creation has given him. Every individual thinks so for *himself*; every *honest* individual thinks so, as well for his *brother* as for *himself*.

The great event of the week has been the "Insurrection" at Harper's Ferry, Virginia, of which we give tolerably full particulars elsewhere. Intense excitement has existed all over the country, from the moment the facts became known. Old John Brown, the hero of Kansas, the strong-armed, iron-nerved champion of human rights has fallen into the hands of the Phillistines. He was last heard of on his way to Canada with a large band of fugitive slaves, whom he was conducting to the promised land, as Moses led the Israelites to Canaan. Since that time, he seems to have been plotting and maturing plans for an insurrection of the bondmen of Virginia, Maryland, and, doubtless he hoped that the movement, once under way, would spread throughout the entire South, and result in a general emancipation. On Sunday last, he struck, failed, and fell beneath the crushing forces of the General and the Virginia Governments combined; his little band butchered and himself pierced with nine rifle shot. The plot seems to have been imperfectly matured, insomuch that the whole affair looks like the work of a mad-man.

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We have no further time, to-day, for comment on this transaction. We regret the movement, as well because it has been a sad, disastrous failure, as for other reasons. We reproach not its author. Leave the unsuccessful patriot alone with his wounds.

From the New York Times.

The insurrection at Harper's Ferry, which started the public yesterday morning, though sufficiently alarming at the outset, proves to have been but a short lived affair. It was very speedily crushed by the formidable military forces brought against it from Washington, Baltimore and Virginia; but, unhappily, not without serious loss of life. The parties actively engaged in it seem never to have numbered over fifty or sixty, though ten times that number were before the close of the affair induced or coerced into an apparent support of the movement. So far as appears, it was not the result of any combination among the slaves themselves, but was merely the explosion of a clumsy plot concocted by a single man—John Brown, of Kansas notoriety with the aid of his two sons and one or two other accomplices.

Brown, it will be remembered, suffered severely, in the loss of his property and in the death of one of his sons, during the reign of ruffianism in Kansas. He was a fearless, fanatical, energetic old man to begin with, and the death of his son made him nearly frantic. Having sworn vengeance against the authors of his calamities, he made himself very conspicuous, and universally dreaded by the ruffians, during the subsequent troubles in Kansas. He was the leader of the fight at Ossawatomie, where he is said to have killed several of the invading borderers with his own hand. After the troubles in Kansas had been quieted, Brown's uneasy spirit extended its resentment to the Missourians, and especially to the slaveholders, whom he regarded as the authors of his wrongs. He entered into plots for promoting the escape of their slaves and succeeded in getting twenty or thirty of them away, and in so alarming the slaveholders throughout that section of the State, that they forthwith commenced sending their slaves to the Southern States. He himself escaped unharmed, and came, it now appears, over a year ago to the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry and commenced preparations to renew his operations in Virginia. It was the very general belief of those who knew him in Kansas that [illegible], after the death of his son, became insane on this subject; and his proceedings in this affair [illegible] gives countenance to the belief. A wilder and more hopeless project than that in which he embarked cannot well be imagined.

There seems to be no reason for believing that the plot had any extensive ramifications, or that any further danger is to be apprehended. Yet the affair can scarcely fail to startle the public mind in Virginia, and it may have the same effect as Brown's movements had in Missouri, and increase, largely and rapidly, the transfer of slaves from Virginia to the more southern States. Every such outbreak, from whatever causes it may spring, quickens the public sense of the insecurity of slave property on the borders of the slaveholding States, and so tends to the removal southward of that frontier.

As a matter of course, the violent partisan prints will seek to make the most of the affair.—But we see no reason for supposing that it had any connection whatever with any political movement, or that any party can with justice be held responsible for it. It seems to have been the work of a single man, smarting under a sense of personal wrong and insanely seeking to avenge them upon a whole community. He will probably pay the penalty of his rash insanity with his life, and leave, we trust, no inheritors of his passion or his fate.

From the Pittsburg Gazette.

The infatuated and misguided men who figured in the bloody tragedy at Harper's Ferry, last week will have a notoriety attached to their names and their deeds which they do not deserve, all on account of the extraordinarily large force called out for their subjugation. Like Falstaff's men in buckram, the fears of the people of Virginia magnified their very small number into a formidable army of invasion, and hence the ridiculous spectacle of seventeen car loads of soldiers being summoned to capture seventeen crazy white men, several of whom were over three score years of age, and five negroes. That they should all have been arrested and punished for their crime, no good citizen will deny; but yet it must be conceded that this duty to society might have been performed with fewer soldiers and less bloodshed. While there can be little or no difference of opinion in regard to the enormity of the offence of the misguided creatures who caused all this bloodshed and confusion, it can scarcely be disputed that the people in the neighborhood of the scene of the riot displayed less courage and fortitude than is usually manifested by American communities, under circumstances of a similar nature. Harper's Ferry is a village of no inconsiderable population, on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and with the government work-shops located within its limits, can muster some two or three hundred able-bodied men, who ought to be capable of bearing arms at least in defense of their own homes and fire-sides. That seventeen crazy white men, some of them past the meridian of life, with a few naked negroes, should have been able to take possession of those work shops, and imprison or drive away the men engaged in them, is a statement which would be incredible if it were not substantiated by the most indisputable authority.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad had employees congregated at this place, more than double the number of the insurgents, to say nothing of the inhabitants of the town and adjacent country. The village itself has a direct communication with the most populous portions of Virginia and Maryland—and yet this handful of insurgents maintained their position, holding the principle citizens of the town as prisoners, until reinforcements arrived from Washington, Richmond, and Baltimore, to the number of two or three thousand men, armed to the teeth and eager for battle. In brief, the prisoners instead of having been overawed by the constabulary of the district, with the aid of a few courageous friends and neighbors, were captured by the military forces of two States, and several companies of United States regular troops. An invasion of the country by a foreign enemy could not have caused greater popular commotion, within a hundred miles of the scene of the insurrection, than this petty rebellion—all in consequence of the pusillanimity and want of consideration on the part of the people of Harper's Ferry. The fact that to arrest seventeen men and five negroes requires two regiments and three companies of drilled soldiers, will not add much to the reputation of the Virginia military for courage or prowess.

From the New York Tribune.

There will be enough to keep execration on the memory of these mistaken men. We leave this work to the fit hands and tongues of those who regard the fundamental axioms of the Declaration of Independence as 'glittering generalities'. Believing that the way to Universal Emancipation lies not through insurrection, civil war and bloodshed, but through peace, discussion, and the quiet diffusion of sentiments of humanity and justice, we deeply regret this outbreak; but, remembering that, if their fault was grievous, grievously have they answered it, we will not by one reproachful word, disturb the bloody shrouds wherein John Brown and his compatriots are sleeping. They dared and died for what they felt to be right, though in a manner which seems to us fatally wrong. Let their epitaphs remain unwritten until the not distant day when no slave shall clank his chains in the shades of Monticello or by the graves of Mount Vernon.

From the Genesee Valley Free Press.

While deploring the madness which drove Captain Brown to this rash adventure, we can but contrast the conduct of the Federal Administration with the temporizing course, not to say criminal neglect, manifested towards the people of Kansas during the internecine wars of that distracted Territory. Armed ruffians from Missouri infested the Territory—they slaughtered innocent and unoffending citizens—pillaged the country of its property—burning dwellings—and carried captives to their lawless camp many of the most worthy and eminent inhabitants. In vain did these oppressed freemen call upon the Administration for protection and redress. Their appeals were disregarded—their petitions scornfully kicked out the door of the Presidential mansion, and their representatives treated with base contumely and contempt. But the scene changes. Virginia, the mother of slaves as well as Presidents, has been invaded by TWENTY-TWO MEN. With surprising alacrity, President Buchanan orders out the United States troops, and in less than twenty-four hours, 1,000 or 1,500 soldiers are on the spot to protect the village of Harper's Ferry against the bullets of this foolhardy band. Such a palpable partiality in the execution of law was never before witnessed. If anything were wanting before to prove Buchanan's complete servility to the behests of the South, this contrast is sufficient to finish the disgraceful record.

From the Wheeling Intelligencer.

The investigations which have been and are being made into the secret history of the recent terrible and remarkable outbreak will, we hope and believe, be productive of good influence upon the popular mind in both sections of the Union. It has two lessons, which it seems to us that it may very appropriately teach. The first of these is the lesson which it will convey to the North, teaching them to look even with more than their wide spread aversion upon the principles and teachings of those visionary fanatics among them who, like Garrison & Co., claim that the constitution of our country "is a covenant with hell," and that the duty of slaves is to rise in the night time and free themselves from thraldom by cutting the throats of their masters and helping themselves to the property accumulated by their unrequited toil. It will, we say, teach the northern people, when these fanatical abolitionists go about through their cities and towns, holding their periodical Saturnalia, to look upon their principles in the proper light, and will inspire in their minds more of a deep seated hostility to their wicked and disorganizing ravings. In this way the results of these investigations will affect the Northern mind for good.

On the South it ought likewise to make a deep impression. Here, in this Harper's Ferry riot, we have an illustration which both precept and example have before told us, is altogether a possible contingency in a country in whose midst there exists a large and degraded class of humanity. We cannot take fire in our bosoms and not be burned, the Scripture and our own experience have taught us. Neither can we have in our midst four millions of serfs, whose color, whose intellect whose habits, whose everything is different from the ruling element, without liabilities to the same dangers that have always attended society in every country where such a large servile element has existed. San Domingo has taught this lesson to the world. Southampton has taught it to the people of this country and this State. Scarcely more insecure are those people who work by day and sleep by night underneath the craters of Vesuvius and Ætna, and who are liable to an irruption at any moment of burning lava, than many communities of our southern States where the slaves number two or three to one of the whites. These slaves, by their constant and rapid illegitimate intermingling with the whites, as well as by the very condition of contact between superior and inferior races, are becoming in each generation more intelligent, and consequently more the object of dread. They are sloughing off gradually that torpor and obtuseness of mind seemingly natural to them, even faster than they are shedding their original dark hue. Slowly, but certainly, they are acquiring more of the characteristics of the white race and losing those of the African. Look at the heightened complexion of the race in all our southern cities and towns. In Charleston, South Carolina, for instance, the mixed element immeasurably predominates over that of the black and is, we believe, equal to, if not greater than the white population. Look at many other of the South Carolina communities. Look at Richmond, Lynchburg, Petersburg, Norfolk and other places in our State. We ought to look these things all in the face now. They have an important practical bearing on our social condition. When we hear men and papers either openly advocating or covertly winking at a revival of the odious slave trade, it is time that public attention was called to these things. It is useless to rail at wicked and fanatical abolitionists, like Brown, who in their blind fanaticism think—if they think or care at all—that they are doing God service when they teach and aid slaves to rise against their masters. There will always be such men. They are to be expected when we think of the vast amount of opinion, religious and non religious, which exists throughout this great country like ours on the moral and political aspects of a national question like that of slavery. Likewise is it all useless and idle to expect that men having minds to think—minds which must think—and tongues which are free to speak, will ever stop having opinions or expressing them upon either the justice or the expediency of slavery in the abstract. Our security lies in advancing, not in retreating. We must look to the future of the two races. We must go back and read up the opinions of the fathers of the republic as to the probable issue of slavery in this country. We must know that the best men of that era busied themselves not only with conjectures as to what were to be its results, but also with ways and by which they might be able to provide against these very insurrections. Mr. Jefferson, we should remember, up to his dying hour never ceased to express his apprehensions and to suggest his plans for exemption. The possible contingency of a great San Domingo rebellion, he declared, was to him continually "like a fire bell in the night." He "trembled," he said, "to think of it." And it was because that he so well knew the peculiar conditions which invested the negro race, both naturally and artificially in this country, that he dwelt so earnestly on his plan for a Central American colonization of the race. Something of this sort has got to be done. For look at it: We have now nearly four millions of these serfs among us. They are increasing in a ratio wholly unknown to the white race. Not only this, but, as we said, they are imbibing the energies and taking on the color of the superior race. They now range all the way up the scale from the jet black to the offspring of quadroons. Does anybody flatter himself that the usually sullen and sulkey mulatto has no more ambition, no more energy of mind, than the African proper? Do not the facts show that they have? The fact that the cross of two antagonistic bloods makes them short lived, has demonstrated to physiologists, that they are the worst class as a class of inhabitants a country can have. Nearly all the poisoning cases that have created so much alarm in the South have occurred at the hands of mulattoes. Mrs. Stowe did well to make the desperate Cassey, in "Uncle Tom," a mulatto. She was not an exaggerated type. And it is notorious that not only Legree, but that thousands of other men in the South, readily pay a premium for such high strung creatures as Casey.

But we cannot pursue this subject further to-day. It is one that needs more statistics and more time for proper elaboration than we can bring to it now. We are greatly in hopes as indeed we have been for some time back, that it will ere long elicit attention from our more experienced and sagacious public men. And although it has more than its usual force and interest just at this time, yet it is none the less an everyday and permanent subject, calling for our constant attention.

From the Pittsburg Catholic.

As we have been accustomed to read, for the last few months, so many articles going to prove the sacred right of insurrection, and have seen nothing but panegyrics on those who, in Europe, proclaim Provisional Governments, and endeavor, in the name of liberty, to upset the existing order of things, we are almost astonished at the perfect unanimity with which the entire secular press condemned in Virginia what it applauded in Italy, had nothing but execration for an attempt at Harper's Ferry, the exact counterpart of other attempts at Perugia and Bologna, in the praise of which have been lavished the most laudatory terms of our language. It seems that when an insurrection is attempted at Harper's Ferry, it is the duty of the Executive authority to suppress it, to send troops to shoot down its authors, and to place on trial for their lives those who have escaped the fortune of battle. The State Executive vies in activity with the Federal authorities; both are anxious to secure the right of trying the insurgents, and an arrangement is entered into, by which they are at first to be delivered up to Gov. Wise, to be tried before the Virginia courts for murder, and if they pass safe through this ordeal, they are to be handed over to the United States to answer the charge of treason in the Federal courts.

All this is very right; and none are more ready to applaud it than we. But it strikes us that those of our brethren of the press who have been so free in bestowing the opprobrious names of tyrant, murderer, butcher, on those sovereigns of Europe who have used armed force to put down insurrection in their dominions, are very inconsistent when they approve of the course of President Buchanan and Governor Wise. What was there to justify the insurrection at Harper's Ferry?—The men of Perugia arose, we are told, to defend liberty, that sacred and inalienable right of every man. So did Captain Brown and his followers.—There is this difference, however. At Perugia the freedom they allege they were seeking in [illegible], was political freedom; the wrongs they said they were suffering, were merely political wrongs. But Captain Brown [illegible] the personal freedom of the negro; [illegible] an end to an evil, which a [illegible] policy [illegible] the [illegible]

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When evils are at a distance, they are not [illegible] their native hideousness; liberty is a sacred name.

[illegible] which naturally captivates the minds of freemen, who are thus led to approve of those very attempts which disgrace its cause and retard its realization. But we see more clearly the evils of rebellion nearer home, and we are enabled the more easily to detect the sophistry by which they may be made to appear lawful. The good sense of all condemns Captain Brown; and did not anti-Catholic and anti-regal prejudice intervene, it would lead all equally to condemn the pretended patriots who are now blighting the prospects of the most beautiful land in Europe. In a word, gentlemen who are so fond of calling Pius IX a tyrant and a butcher, for the future, to be consistent, must either apply these epithets to President Buchanan and Governor Wise, or admit that what is lawful and praiseworthy in them, cannot be deserving of execration in the Pope.

From The Winsted (Conn.) Herald.

And here we may as well say, we have no admiration for that class of Republican newspapers which are so eager to disclaim and disavow all fellowship and sympathy for Old John Brown. Did they stop here, we could be patient with them; when they go further, and pelt him with the titles of madman, crazy, *muddled and insane*, we say, out upon them for hypocrites and traitors—"little villains," unworthy to lick or feel the foot of Old John Brown. His plans may have been INJUDICIOUS—we are not at present able to judge of them; but it is plainly evident *his friends did not stick by* in the hour of trial *as men stood by each other eighty years ago*. The fault may not be his, but OURS. When men pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor eighty years ago, they meant what they said and performed what they promised. We are sorrowfully suspicious that in Old Brown's case men did differently. At all events, he is unsuccessful, and so Republicans prevents, the country over, fearful that their party will some how lose a vote and themselves an office, fall to mouthing Old Brown as heartily as twelve months since they praised, and vie with each other in denouncing and abusing him. For shame! Old Brown had more nobleness in his soul, more honesty in his heart, more principle in his action, more courage in a single finger, than all such politicians from Maine to Oregon. He dared to undertake what you in the security of your *sanctums* only are BOLD TO PREACH. He failed; had he succeeded, fifty coming years would have *sanctified his grave with the holiness of a second Mount Vernon*, granite and marble columns would rise to his memory, and the nation would add another to her jubilee-days whereon her orators would utter their noblest sentences in eulogy of Old John Brown. Alas, it was not so to be—the slave toils on in an unloosed chain, the hero gasps in a dungeon, and the Republican Press cannot find room enough for the " renunciations and denunciation of demented Old John Brown.

For one, we confess we love him—*we honor him, we applaud him*. He is honest in his principles, courageous in their defence, and, we have yet to be taught, reading from the Book of Inspiration we all acknowledge, how and wherein Old John Brown is a transgressor. Do with him as we will, his ashes will some day be gathered to a hero's tomb, his name will be written with the Winkleraids and Tells and Washingtons of history, and the American school-boy shall yet be taught to listen with moistening *eye* and beating heart to the story of Old John Brown.

From the New York Independent.

That the slaves at the South, whenever they shall have the intelligence to plan and the skill and courage to achieve a revolution for their own emancipation, would be justified in this, no Virginian can deny, who respects the memory of Thomas Jefferson and Patrick Henry, or who does honor to the motto on the broad seal of his own State. Deprived of those 'inalienable rights' to 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,' with which 'all men are endowed by their Creator,' subjected to every cruelty of oppression, would it be strange if some bold-earnest spirit among them should catch the linger'ing echo of Patrick Henry's voice, crying, 'Give me liberty, or give me death,' and should teach Virginia the meaning of her own motto, 'Sic semper Tyrannis!' The slaves at the South have the same right to assert their freedom against their masters, whenever their strength and resources shall give them a reasonable hope of success, which the Greeks had to assert their liberties against Turkey, or the Italians now have against Austria. The American who would deny this, had better first burn the Declaration of Independence. If ever that shall come, as come it will whenever the Union is dissolved, woe to the cherished institutions and the boasted power of the South. * * * But what a system is that which provokes such horrors, and gives such occasion for bloody insurrection! Where are now the Arcadian pictures of Southern plantations? Where the attractions of this patriarchal state? 'Blood will have blood,' and the crimes of Southern Slaveholders will yet work out a fearful retribution upon their own heads. Are not they the true friends of the South who are seeking the peaceable abolition of slavery at the earliest day?

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

Mad as the act was, and deplorable as the consequences of it might have been, it proceeded from the same atrocious principles which dictate Kansas forays, Central American fillibusterism, and Cuban invasions. We defy the champions of these schemes to show the least difference in the general cases. We call upon them to allege a single reason in justification of their measures, which Brown might not with equal propriety allege in behalf of his. If he is an incendiary, so are they; if his plot was diabolical, so were their plots; and the more atrocious they make his conduct appear, the more they expose the atrocity of their own conduct. Brown, moreover, has had the excuse of his personal grievances for his crimes; he has been been stung into a fierce and unreflecting rancour by his wrongs; whereas the abettors of Atchison and Walker projected their outrages and piracies in cold blood, and with the most selfish purposes. Brown's error was on the side of freedom—theirs on the side of slavery.

From a Correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, at Chambersburg

ARREST OF CAPT. JOHN E. COOK.

JUSTICE REISHER'S STATEMENT.

In order to ascertain the truth of the various rumors with reference to the capture of Capt. Cook, I called on Squire Reisher, the Justice before whom the fugitive was brought, and asked permission to copy the evidence produced in the case. He is a respectable, mild-looking gentleman, who has already passed middle age. He stated that the testimony had not been committed to paper, but that he would repeat the substance of the evidence of Logan and Fitzhugh if I desired it. I took down his statement in stenographic notes. Here it is:—

'I was in my office, about 8 o'clock, when two men came in and asked me to go down with them to the Franklin Hotel. They said they had a man whom they supposed to be Capt. Cook. I told them they should bring him up here before me to my office. They said there were a great many persons there, and likely to be considerable excitement, and I had better go up with them to see him.

'I went there and found this man supposed to be Cook, with a room full of persons outside. I then sat alongside of this man they called Cook, and told him that there were accusations to be preferred against him of a very serious nature, and informed him of his rights, put him on his legal guard, told him that he was not obliged to say anything which would criminate himself. I then found that he looked haggard, and told them to give him something to eat. They did so. There were at the time about forty persons in the room.

'They brought food, and he ate very heartily. I thought the poor fellow had not eaten anything for sometime before.

'After he had eaten sometime, I asked his accusers what grounds they had to suspect this man to be Capt. Cook.

'They went on and stated that he had come out of the mountains, and asked for some salt meat; and (this was Fitzhugh) stated that he had been hunting in the mountains, and had got out of provisions. F. saw a man called Logan, who is a middling rough kind of a man, and made signs to keep with him. Logan let on he had a store up the road, and that he would give him some salt meat. Fitzhugh winked at Logan, and whispered that he believed this was Cook, when Logan put his hand on his shoulder and said, You are my prisoner.

'The expression of Logan was, that Cook sprung up like a wire trap. He ran his hand into his pocket. Logan, being a stout man, caught him by the arm and held to. They had a great deal of difficulty, both of them, to get him down. Logan is a strong, active man, and yet both of them could hardly get him to the ground. Finally they succeeded in getting him down. They then took away his arms. He had a pistol and campaign knife—which is a knife with a fork and a spoon. The pistol was a five-inch revolver, with six barrels, and finely finished. It was fully loaded and capped.

'Finding the excitement increasing, I appointed a special police of six, and had Cook conducted to my office.

'The excitement was a commingled matter of pity for the man in the condition he was in, and curiosity to see him.

'As soon as Cook was brought to my office, I repeated the advice I had given him at the tavern, to put him on his legal guard—when he said that if such was the law, he chose to remain quiet, and not answer any question.

'I then swore the accusers.

'Fitzhugh was the first witness, and repeated his statements made at the tavern.'

I inquired where these men captured Cook.

'At Mount Alto,' the Justice said,' 'near Hughes's founderies.'

'The hardest place in this country,' said a bystander.

'In what respect?' I asked. 'Do you mean morally?'

'Yes,' he said; 'they are the hardest people in this section there—just such folk as would delight to do such actions. Cook could not have chosen a worse locality in all this State than that neighborhood. If he had gone by the North Mountain, he would easily have escaped.'

I asked the character of Fitzhugh. He occupies, it appears, a respectable position in the county; he is a nephew of Hughes, the best business man in the county, and is employed as a clerk in his founderies. He told the telegraph operator to send his name in full, as he wanted his uncle Gerrit to see it. He is a nephew of Gerrit Smith, he maintains, by marriage. The last time he was at the North, he said, he called on uncle Gerrit, and complained that he set him down at table 'between two free niggers,' as he phrased it. He is a native of Maryland, and his family are people of some importance in that State.

Logan, on October 14, 1857, was charged before Justice Reisher with attempting to abduct a free black from Pennsylvania, for the purpose of selling him in Maryland or Virginia. He was remanded for trial, but at the instance of one of his prosecutors, a *nolle prosequi* was entered. He is supposed to have bought him off. He bears the reputation of a negro-catcher. Fitzhugh did not wish to be sworn, on the pretext that his evidence was unnecessary, but for the real purpose of concealing the iniquitous part they both had played in the capture of Cook. The Justice overruled the wish.

Logan, after making a rehearsal of the same matter, and saying that Cook would have shot him if he had not held on to his arm, remarked repeatedly that Cook was a good man, a brave man, a man of great nerve; that if there was a brave man in the country, he was one, and if he had been in proper condition, he would not have been taken. Both of the accusers praised Cook's bravery. Both testified that, although Cook was nearly famished, and a small man, neither of them separately could have managed him.

'After having secured him, they took him down to the house to get something to eat; told him that they pitied his case very much; that he might get clear; that his best course was to go before a magistrate, enter bail, and then, to use Logan's word, *skeet*, or escape.

'They rather got Cook persuaded—Logan did—that he was friendly to him.

'I then asked the witness,' said the magistrate, 'if he had made any offer or promise of reward to the prisoner, in order to produce this change in his feelings.

'He denied having made any other than that to go before a magistrate would be the easiest way to get off.

'After being sworn, Logan was asked if Cook had made any declaration with regard to whom he was.

'Logan hesitated.

'The question was repeated.

'He hesitated again.

'The question was put again.

'We waited for sometime for an answer. I told him he was bound to tell the truth, and the whole truth, with reference to any conversation he had had with Cook.

'Well, he said, if he must, he must, but that he did not like it. To my mind,' said the magistrate, 'when he was making this statement he wanted to tell all; he wanted to say what he spoke, but not in the presence of Cook. I can compare it to nothing but a girl saying no, no, to what she's wanting all the time.

'He then stated that the prisoner had told him that he was Capt. Cook.

'Cook had stood behind my chair all the time thus far, but now he rather pressed himself forward, and looked at Logan just like a devil some looks at one. Logan cringed beneath his look.

'Logan stated that Cook confessed having been at Harper's Ferry.

'Here the counsel for Cook made some objections, and spoke disrespectfully of Logan. The witness seemed rather to get cross with the counsel, and in proof of one statement, pulled out of his pocket a commission made to Cook by John Brown.

'Logan fairly cringed under the look Cook gave him as he pulled out this paper.

'Yes, he betrayed Cook—the scoundrel,' said a bystander.

'Logan said that this was the commission he got from Cook. He then went on and read the commission. It was signed by Brown as Commander in Chief, and I think it was countersigned by Kagi. It was a printed commission; one line of letters, in the form of an arrow, was very peculiar; I could not read it; I never saw such letters before. It was made out to Cook as captain. It was marked No. 4.

'After hearing this testimony, I thought the evidence was sufficient to authorise me to hold the prisoner over to answer. I committed him to prison that night.'

In further conversation with the magistrate, he described Cook's manners and personal appearance so accurately as to leave no doubt on my own mind that the unfortunate fugitive is he.

'In the short time I was with him,' he said, 'I thought him a gentleman. There was no sign of bad breeding about the man. There was a great deal of candor about him. He is evidently a very brave man. There was not a man here but thought him a person of determination and courage.'

Fitzhugh, having the best social position, finds more defenders here than Logan. But he is evidently the more guilty of the two villians. Not content with having Cook at their mercy, after disarming and overpowering him, they loaded him with irons to bring him to town. Cook's offered word of honor and entreaties were impotent to prevent this indignity.

Logan repents of his perfidy already. He excuses himself as having acted on impulse. The price of blood is already troubling him, and the cold chills—so I was told—came over him as he thought for the first time of the probable vengeance of the Abolition Carbonari of America.

COOK IN JAIL.

His conduct in prison was in keeping with his bearing in Court. He refused to answer all questions, and when addressed as Cook, or when inquiries were cunningly proposed to him about Harper's Ferry, merely answered that he had not admitted that he was Cook. He asked for books, and spent the day in reading.

PUBLIC FEELING.

The public pulse here throbs with pity for Cook. His coolness, his unassuming but undaunted demeanor, has elicited universal admiration. Unlike John Brown in the motives which guide him he will, I have no doubt, be as firm as the old man before the cowardly Court to which, as I now write, he is rapidly hurrying.

Both here and in Philadelphia, the conduct of Brown is arousing a deeper and broader Anti-Slavery sentiment (outside, as well as inside of Abolition circles,) which even Kansas, with all its horrors and outrages, failed signally to [illegible] Why? IT HAS APPEALED TO THE RELIGIOUS NATURE OF THE PEOPLE, and water is beginning to flow from the Rock Horeb.

MRS. CHILD OFFERING HER SERVICES TO NURSE JOHN BROWN.

We learn from Boston that Lydia Maria Child, has written to Gov. Wise, asking permission to go to John Brown's cell to nurse him in his illness and to soothe his last hours by her womanly sympathy. The letter is thus alluded to by a correspondent of *The Herald* at Richmond:

"A letter was received from a Boston lady, asking the Governor's permission to go to Charlestown to nurse old Brown, and pledged her honor, while she was a strong abolitionist, that he would take no improper advantage of the privilege. The letter contained a note addressed to Brown himself, which she requested the Governor to forward to him after he had read it. Both were unquestionably the best productions I have ever seen from the pen of a woman, and, women like they breathed all the sentiments of sympathy, kindness and affection that martyrdom in a holier cause might be supposed to elicit. She avowed herself frankly a thorough Abolitionist, while disapproving the means resorted to by Brown to accomplish the end sought for. One thing was apparent from these productions, and that was that she was truly sincere in her opinions; and the Governor could not help expressing regret that so accomplished a person should suffer under such an illusion as seemed to have possessed her. He will grant her permission, and guarantee her perfect immunity from any violence or indignity in the State. But as to the privilege of acting nurse to Brown, that is a matter in the discretion of his physician at Charlestown, and he may admit or exclude her at will. The presumption is, however, that she will have entire liberty to exercise her humane offices in behalf of that 'brave veteran,' as she designated old Brown."

From the Louisville Democrat, October 25.

AN OUTRAGEOUS CONSPIRACY.

ATTEMPT TO ENSLAVE A FAMILY OF FREE NEGROES.

Last evening Lieut. Kirby and officers Tiller and Priest succeeded in ferreting out a very outrageous conspiracy that had been concocted against the freedom of a family of free negroes. They arrested and lodged in jail the prime movers in the shameless affair.

It appears that a number of years ago, a negro man and his wife were emancipated by the will of their master. They then set to work, and by frugality and industry succeeded in accumulating a sufficient sum to purchase their son. The son afterwards married a slave, the property of Sam. K. Page. She was also purchased by the parents.—Bills of sale were taken and held by the father, but at the same time he granted his son and daughter-in-law *free* papers.

On Sunday the old negro died, very suddenly, and without any known predisposing cause. He was buried yesterday. Immediately a tailor named McGrath, living on the same square—Green street, between East and Floyd—took the initiative steps towards enslaving the negroes. He was aware of the old man having the bill of sale, but did not know that he had granted the children free papers. McGrath and another person, whose name will appear on an examination of the case, applied to a lawyer named Cleary. They told him that they had a fine chance for a fine speculation, and promised him four hundred dollars for his share of the ill-gotten booty.

Cleary jumped at the tempting bait and prepared bills of sale from the old negro, to McGrath, and in the document signed his name with the [illegible] mark. Having progressed thus far they proceeded to take possession of the negroes, and were astonished to find free papers staring them in the face. Their rascality was thus easily exposed.—The lawyer Cleary and McGrath were both lodged in jail, and will be examined to-day. We understand that the lawyer intends to turn state's evidence. There will be some curious developments in this matter. It is surmised by many that foul means were used to produce the old negro's death, from its great suddenness.

From the New York Times, November 2.

"THE LESSON OF THE HOUR,"

AN ADDRESS BY

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

The Course of Lectures instituted by the young men of Rev. H. Ward Beecher's congregation, in Brooklyn, had announced upon its programme the name of Mr. Wendell Phillips, of Boston, as the speaker for last evening.

Mr. Phillips, upon his appearance, was received with vehement applause. When it had subsided, he said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I speak with the utmost sincerity, when I say that I cannot expect—speaking from this platform, and to you—to say anything on the vital question of the hour, which you have not already heard. I should not, in that sense willingly have come here, but, when a great question divides the community all men are called upon to vote, and I feel to-night that I am only saying "ditto" in what you hear from this platform day after day. And, I would willingly have avoided, ladies and gentlemen, even at this last moment, borrowing this hour from you. I tried to do better by you. Like the Irishman in the story, I offered to hold the hat of Hon. Thomas Corwin, of of Ohio, [enthusiastic applause] if he would only make a speech, and most unaccountably, I am sorry to say, he declined this generous offer. [Laughter.] So I am obliged to fulfil my appointment, and deliver my little lecture myself.

AMERICAN CIVILIZATION AS IT IS AND AS IT OUGHT TO BE.

"The Lesson of the Hour." I think the lesson of the hour is insurrection. [Sensation.] Insurrection of thought always precedes the insurrection of arms. The last twenty years have been insurrection of thought. We seem to be entering on a new phase of the great moral American struggle. It seems to me that we have never exhibited as Americans—we have never exhibited our own civilization. We have held back from the inference which we ought to have drawn from the admitted principles which underlie our life.—We have all the timidity of the old world, when we bend our eyes upon ideas of the people; we shrink back, trying to save ourselves from the inveterate control of the thoughts of the millions.—The idea of civilization on the other side of the water seems to be, that men are created to be taken care of by somebody else. God did not leave him fit to go alone; he is in everlasting pupilage to the wealthy and the educated. The religious, or the comfortable classes, are an everlasting probate court to take care of him. The Old world, therefore, has always dreaded the conscience—the common sense of the millions.

It seems to me the idea of our civilization—underlying all American life—is, that we do not need any protector. We need no safe guard. Not only the inevitable, but the best power this side of the ocean, is the unfettered average common sense of the masses. Institutions, as we are accustomed to call them, are but pasteboard, and intended to be, against the thought of the street. Statutes are mere mile stones, telling how far yesterday's thought had traveled; and the talk of the sidewalk to-day is the law of the land.

HOW TO MAKE THINGS STRAIGHT.

The Emperor Nicholas, it is said, ordered Col. Whistler, one of his Engineers, to lay down for him a road for a railway from St. Petersburg to Moscow, and presently the engineer brought him in a large piece of card paper, on which was laid down, like a snake, the designed path of the iron locomotive between the two capitals. "What's that?" said Nicholas. "That's the best road," was the reply. "What do you make it crooked for?" was the question. "Why, we turn this way to touch this great city, and to the left to reach that immense mass of people, and to the right again to suit the business of that country". Yes. The Emperor turned the card over, and made a new dot for Moscow and another for Petersburg, took a ruler, and made a straight line, and said, "Build me that road". [Laughter.] "But what will become of that spot of trade, of that town?" "I don't know; they must look out for themselves." [Cheers.] And the Emperor of Omnipotent Democracy says of Slavery, or of a Church, this is justice and that is iniquity; and the trace of God's thunderbolt goes in a straight line from one to the other, and the Church that cannot stand it must stand out of the way. [Cheers.]

THE EDUCATION OF THE LAST QUARTER OF A CENTURY.

There have been various evidences of education I will tell you of one. The first evidence that a sinner convicted of sin and too blind or too lazy to reform—the first evidence that he can give that his nature has been touched, is that he becomes a hypocrite; he has the grace to pretend to be something. Now, the first evidence that the American people gave of that commencing grace of hypocrisy was this: in 1833, when we commenced the anti-slavery agitation, the papers talked about slavery, bondage, American slavery, bold, frankly and bluntly. In a few years it sounded hard; it had a grating effect, the hardest throat of the hardest Democrat felt it as it came out. So they spoke of the "patriarchal institution," [laughter] then of the "domestic institution," [continued laughter] and then of the "peculiar institution," [laughter] and in a year or two it got beyond that, Mississippi published a report from her Senate, in which she went a stride beyond that, and described it as "economic subordination". [Renewed laughter.] A Methodist Bishop in Ohio was taken to task for holding slaves in reality, but his Methodist brethren, were not courageous enough to say "slaves" right out in meeting, and so they said the Bishop must get rid of his "impediment"—[loud laughter]—the late Mr. Rufus Choate, in the last Democratic canvass in my own State, undertaking and necessitated to refer to the institutions of the South, and knowing that his old New England lips, that had spoken so many glorious free truths in the twenty years that were ended, could not foul their best days with the hated word, he phrased it "a different type of industry". Now, hypocrisy—why "it is the homage that Vice renders to Virtue". When men begin to get weary of capital punishment, they banish the gallows inside the jail yard, and do not let anybody see it without a special card of invitation from the Sheriff. And so they have banished slavery into pet phrases and flash words, so that if you should dig our Egyptian Hunkerism up from the grave into which it is rapidly sinking, we should have to have a commentator of the true German blood to find out what all these queer, old, peculiar, imaginable paraphrases mean in this middle of the Nineteenth Century. That was one evidence of progress. At that time we had another—I believe immortal maxim. I believe that the age of bullets is over. I believe that the age of ideas is come.

My idea is public opinion, literature, education. But some men seem to think that our institutions are necessarily safe because we have free schools and cheap books, and a public opinion that controls. But that is no evidence of safety. India and China have had schools, and a school system almost identical with that of Massachusetts, for fifteen hundred years. And books are as cheap in Central and Northern Asia as they are in New York. But they have not secured liberty, nor secured a controlling public opinion to either nation. Spain for three centuries had municipalities and town governments, as independent and as self-supporting, and as representative of thought as New England or New York has. But that did not save Spain. De Tocqueville says that five years before the great revolution, public opinion was as omnipotent in France as it is to-day, but it did not save France. You cannot save men by machinery. What India, France and Spain wanted was live men and that is what we want to-day; men who are willing to look their own destiny, and their own functions, and their own responsibilities in the face. "Grant me to see, and Ajax asks no more," was the prayer that the great poet put into the lips of his hero in the darkness that overspread the Grecian camp. All we want of American citizens is the opening of their own eyes and seeing things as they are. And you see the great Commonwealth of Virginia, fitly represented by a pyramid standing upon its apex. A Connecticut born man entered at one corner of her dominions, and fixed his cold grey eye upon the government of Virginia, and nearly vanquished it by his very gaze. For it seems that Virginia asked leave "to be," of John Brown at Harper's Ferry. [Cheers and applause.] Connecticut has sent out many a school master to the other thirty States; but she never has sent one out before as she has sent that Litchfield born school master to *Harper's Ferry*, to write upon the National Bridge, in the face of nations, his copy book: "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God." [Loud cheers.]

INSURRECTION THE LESSON OF THE HOUR.

I said the lesson of the hour was insurrection. I ought not to apply that word to John Brown of Osawatomie, for there was no insurrection in his case. It is a great mistake to call him an insurgent. The principle that I have endeavored so briefly to open to you, of absolute right and wrong states what? "Commonwealth no civil society, there is no government of Virginia!" There is no such thing. There is none that can exist, except on the basis of impartial, equal submission of all its citizens, and by the performance of the duty of rendering equal justice between man and man.—Everything that calls itself a Government, and refuses that duty, or has not that assent, is no Government. It is only a pirate ship. Virginia, the Commonwealth of Virginia! She is only a chronic insurrection. I mean exactly what I say. I am weighing my words now. She is a pirate ship, and John Brown sails the sea a Lord High Admiral of the Almighty, with letters of marque and reprisal against every pirate that he meets on God's ocean of his nineteenth century—[Cheers and applause.] I mean literally and exactly what I say. In God's World there are no majorities, no minorities; one is a majority. You have often heard here, doubtless, and I need not tell you the ground of morals. The rights of that one man are as sacred as those of the Commonwealth of Virginia. John Brown has twice as much right to hang Governor Wise as Governor Wise has to hang him. [Cheers.] You see I am talking of that absolute essence of things that lives in the sight of the Eternal and the Infinite; not as men Judge it in the cribbed morals of the nineteenth century, and the herd of States that calls itself an empire to traffic in cotton and sell slaves.

John Brown began his life—his active life, in Kansas. The South planted that seed; it reaps the first fruit now. People do me the honor to say, in some of the Western papers, that this is traceable to some teachings of mine. It is too much honor to such as me. Gladly, if it were not fulsome vanity, would I clutch this laurel of having any share in the great resolute daring of that man who flung himself against an empire in behalf of justice and liberty. It was not the bravest men who fought at Saratoga and Yorktown in the war of 1776. O! no; there was some man in Lexington or on some Village height, that fired the signal gun that roused resistance against an empire till then thought irresistible. This man has done the same.

Well, men say, he failed. Every man has his Moscow. Suppose he did fail, every man meets his Waterloo at last. Suppose he did fail, he has done a great deal still. Why this is a decent country to live in now. [Laughter and cheers.]—Actually, in this Sodom of ours, seventeen men have been found ready to die for an idea. God be thanked, to John Brown that he has discovered them. [Cheers and applause.] I should feel some pride if I was in Europe, in confessing that I was an American. [Applause.] We have redeemed the long infamy of twenty years of subservience. But look back a bit. Is there anything new about this? Nothing at all. It is the natural result of anti-slavery teaching. For one I accept it; I expected it.

Why, in 1835 it was the other way. Then it was my bull that gored your ox. Then ideas came in conflict, and men of violence, and men who had not made up their minds to wait for the slow conversion of conscience, men who trusted in their own right hands, men who believed in bowie knives. Why, they sacked the city of Philadelphia, they made New York to be governed by a mob, Boston saw its Mayor suppliant, and kneeling to the chief of broadcloth in broad day-light. It was all on that side.

But now things have changed. We have been talking thirty years. Twenty years we have talked everywhere, under all circumstances; we have been abused by great men and by little papers. [Laughter and applause.] What is the result? The tables have been turned; it is your bull that has gored my ox now.

JOHN BROWN'S PLACE IN HISTORY.

Take one Christian like John Brown of Osawatomie, and he makes the whole crystalline into right and wrong and marshal themselves on one side or the other. And God makes him the text, and all he asks of our comparatively cowardly lips is to preach the sermon, and say to the American people, that whether that old man succeeded in a worldy sense or not, he stood a representative of law, of government, of right, of justice, of religion, and they were pirates that gathered about him, and sought to wreak vengeance by taking his life. The banks of the Potomac—history will visit that river more kindly because he has gilded it with the eternal brightness of his glorious deed, than because the dust of Washington rests upon one side of it. And if Virginia tyrants dare hang him, after this mockery of a trial, it will take two Washingtons at least to make the name of the river anything but abominable to the ages that come after it. [Applause and hisses.] Well, I say what I really think. [Cheers, cries of 'Good,' 'Good.'] George Washington was a great man. Yet I say what I really think.

THE POWER OF A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

The South is a great power—no cowards in Virginia. [Laughter.] Now, I try to speak very plain, but you will misunderstand me. There is no cowardice in Virginia. The South are not cowards. The lunatics in the Gospel were not cowards when they said "Art thou come to torment us before the time?" [Laughter.] They were brave enough, but they saw afar off. They saw the tremendous power that was entering into that charmed circle; they knew its inevitable victory. Virginia did not tremble at an old grey headed man at Harper's Ferry; they trembled at John Brown in every man's conscience. He had been there many years, and like that terrific scene which Beckford has drawn for us in his *Hall of Eblis*, where all ran around, each man with an incurable wound on his bosom but still an incurable wound, and agreed not to speak of it, so the South has been running up and down its political and social life, and every man keeps his right hand pressed on the secret and incurable sore, with an understood agreement in Church and State that it shall never be mentioned, for fear the great ghastly fabric shall come to pieces at the talismanic word. Brown uttered it, and the whole machinery trembled at its very base.

I value that movement. Did you ever see a blacksmith shoe a restless horse? If you have, you have seen him take a small cord and tie his upper lip. If you ask him what he does it for, he will tell you he does it to give him something to think of. [Laughter.] Now the South has some extensive schemes. She grasps with one hand at Mexico, with the other she dictates terms to the Church, she imposes conditions on the State, she buys up Webster with a little, and Everett with nothing. [Great laughter with applause.] John Brown has given her something else to think of. He has her attention inwardly. The nation says, he is mad. I appeal, from Philip drunk to Philip sober; I appeal from the American people, drunk with cotton and the New York Observer, [loud and long laughter.] to the American people fifty years hence, when the light of civilization has had more time to penetrate, when self interest has been rebuked by the world rising and giving its verdict on this great question, when it is not a small band of Abolitionists, but the civilization of the nineteenth century that undertakes to enter the arena and discuss its last great reform. When that day comes, what shall be thought of these martyrs—these men who with severe purpose unite honest method?

WHO SHOT JOHN BROWN!

There was not a Virginia gun fired at John Brown. Hundreds of well-armed *Maryland* and Virginia troops that went there, never dared to pull a trigger. You shot him! Sixteen marines, to whom you pay $8 a month—your own representatives. When the *disturbed State* could not stand on her own *legs for trembling*, you went there and strengthened her feeble knees and held up the palsied hand. Sixteen men, with the vulture of the Union above them—[sensation]—your representatives! It was the covenant with death and agreement with hell, which you call the Union of thirty States, that took the old man by the throat with a pirate hand; and, if he is hung, it will strangle him with disgrace, for it will be the disgrace of our civilization if a gallows is ever erected in Virginia that bears his body. "The most resolute man I ever saw," says Governor Wise; "the most daring, the coolest. I would trust his truth about any question. The sincerest!" Sincerity, courage, resolute daring—Virginia has nothing—nothing for those qualities but a scaffold! [Applause.] In her broad dominions she can only afford him six feet for a grave! God help the Commonwealth that bids such welcome to the noblest qualities that can grace poor human nature! Yet that is the acknowledgment of Governor Wise himself!

A MOCKERY OF JUSTICE.

Here is a man arraigned before a jury, or about to be. The State of Virginia, as she calls herself, is about to try him. The first step in that trial is a jury, the second is a Judge, and at the head stands the Chief Executive of the State, who is to put his hand to the death warrant before it can be executed; and yet that very Executive, who, according to the principles of the sublimest chapter of Algernon Sidney's immortal book, is bound by the very responsibility that rests upon him, to keep his mind impartial as to the guilt of the person arraigned, hastens down to Richmond, hurries to the platform, and proclaims to the assembled and representative Commonwealth of Virginia, "The man is a murderer, and ought to be hung." Almost every lip in the State might have said it except that single lip of its Governor; but the moment he had uttered these words, in the theory of the English law, it was not possible to impanel an impartial jury in the Commonwealth of Virginia, it was not possible to get the materials and the machinery to try him according to the ugliest pattern of English jurisprudence. And yet the Governor does not know that he has written himself down a knave, and the Commonwealth that he governs supposes it is still a Christian polity. They have not the faintest conception of what goes to make up Government. Why the worst Jeffries that has ever tried men in the darkest moment, or ever climbed up a lamp post in the streets of London, would not have tried a man who could not stand on his feet. There is no such record in the blackest roll of tyranny. If one single bone of Jeffries remains unrotted, it would knock against the sides of his coffin against any Judge that had exceeded even the infamy of Jeffries by trying John Brown lying on a couch. [Applause.]

A WARNING TO ANGLO-SAXONS.

Recollect history. There never was a race held in chains that absolutely vindicated its own liberty but one. There never was a serf nor a slave whose own sword cut off his own chains but one. Blue eyed, light haired Anglo-Saxon, it was not our race. We were serfs for three centuries, and we waited till commerce and Christianity, and a different law, had melted our fetters. We were crowded down into a villainage which crushed out our manhood so thoroughly that we hadn't vigor to redeem ourselves. Neither did France, neither old Spain, neither the Northern nor Southern races of Europe have that bright spot on their escutcheon, that they put an end to their slavery.

Blue eyed, haughty, contemptuous Anglo Saxons, it was the black—the only race in the record of history that ever, after a century of oppression, retained the vigor to write the character of its emancipation with its own hand in blood of the dominant race. Despised, calumniated, slandered San Domingo is the only instance in history where a race with indestructive love of justice, serving a hundred years of oppression, rose up under their own leader, and with their own ideas abolished Slavery on their own soil. Wait, garrulous, vain-glorious, boasting Saxon, till we have done half as much, before we talk of the cowardice of the black race.

PRESAGES OF THE FUTURE.

The American people have begun to feel. The mute eloquence of the fugitive slave has gone up and down the highways and byways of the country; it will annex itself to the great American heart of the North, even in its most fossil state of hunkerism as a latent sympathy with its right side. This blow, like the first blow at Lexington, heard around the world—this blow at Harper's Ferry reveals men. Watch those about you and you will see more of the temper and unheeded purpose and real moral position of men than you would imagine. This is the way nations are to be judged. Be not in a hurry; it will come soon enough from this sentiment. We stereotype matter into intellect and then into statutes, and finally into national character. We have got the first stage of the growth. Why, the first person who came to me in Boston after the news of John Brown's incarceration, was Lydia Maria Child, a popular authoress of New England 25 years ago. She says that dungeon is the place for me. She writes a letter couched in magnanimous appeal to the better nature of Gov. Wise. She says in it, "John Brown is a hero; he has done a noble deed. I think he was all right; but he is sick; he is wounded; he wants a woman's nursing. I am an Abolitionist; I have been so thirty years. I think slavery is a sin, and John Brown a saint, but I want to come and nurse him, and I pledge my word that if you will open his prison door I will use the privilege under sacred honor only to nurse him. I inclose you a message to Brown; be sure and deliver it." And the message was, "Old man, God bless you. You have struck a noble blow, you have done a mighty work; God was with you; your heart was in the right place. I send you across five hundred miles the pulse of a woman's gratitude." And Gov. Wise has opened the door and announced to the world that she may go in. John Brown has conquered the pirate. [Applause.] Hope! there is hope everywhere. It is only the universal history.

"Right, forever, on the scaffold, wrong forever on
the throne;
But that scaffold sways the latter, and behind
the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadows, keeping
watch above his own."

TOM CORWIN SAYS A FEW WORDS.

Loud applause followed the conclusion of Mr. Phillips' lecture. Calls were made for a speech from Hon. Thomas Corwin, of Ohio, who sat on the platform. Mr. Corwin rose, and after the hearty applause which greeted him had subsided, spoke, hat in hand, as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I am sure that my appearance here to-night must have been unexpected to you. The same motives which operated upon you in bringing you here, have brought me here—by accident—to hear the gentleman to whom I have never before listened in my life time, and I beg now to be allowed to reflect upon what I have heard, before—to use his own language—"I give my vote." [Laughter and applause.]

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

SALEM, OHIO, NOVEMBER 12, 1859.

THE BUGLE can be obtained, every Friday, of Isaac Trescott, at Steer's Book Store on Main street, Salem, Ohio.

☞ FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS is authorized to obtain subscribers for the Bugle, and to receipt for any monies paid on account of the paper.

☞ ISAAC TRESCOTT is duly authorized to receive all monies on account of subscriptions on the Bugle.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE TO BUGLE,
☞$1.50 *PER ANNUM, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.*☜

☞ We shall have something to say at another time in relation to the action of the Executive Committee. This week we are crowded into a small corner.

CALL FOR THE FAIR.

Christmas don't often come on Sunday, and as the usual time for holding the Anti-Slavery Fair was Christmas day, it was named without refering to the almanac to ascertain on what day of the week it would fall. The necessary correction has been made, and the Fair will open on Friday, the 23d of December.

THE TREASON TRIALS.

Virginia is hurrying through these trials as though her existence depended upon despatch.—Since Brown's conviction, several others have been found guilty. The indictments all being for the same act, the testimony taken in the cases subsequently tried varies but little from that given in the case of Brown. The colored men however, are not arraigned for treason. Stevens has been handed to the U. S. authorities for trial, who will doubtless feel thankful for the privilege Virginia has granted of trying one of the men whom they captured. Cook has plead guilty, and made a confession. At last advices his case was before the court.

PHILLIPS' SPEECH.

Grand! glorious! John Brown deserves such an advocate, and Wendell Phillips is worthy of such a client.

THE ABSORBING TOPIC.

From the great mass of published matter relating to John Brown, we have endeavored to make as good a selection as possible, knowing that our readers will be willing to dispense with our usual variety for the time being.

"THOU ART THE MAN."

It is far from pleasant to charge upon any one even a dereliction in duty, and much harder to accuse of the commission of a great wrong. But if Truth demands it, woe be unto those who refuse to yield to its requirements. We have a serious charge to make against the members of the Federal government, and that without regard to party lines. The senseless charge which the Democracy makes against its opponents, insisting that the Republicans are responsible for the actions of John Brown and his company, is the merest political pretext, so false and so transparent, that those who make it would blush as they gave it utterance, had they not long since lost the gift of shame. There is, however, a responsibility resting upon the members of the Republican party in this matter—a responsibility for which they will have to render an account, not to the Democratic party, not to the people at large, but to Him who maketh inquisition for blood.

In the name of Truth we charge upon every member of the Federal government,—*Republicans as well as Democrats*—complicity in the slaughter of Brown's companions who fell upon the battle ground, in the capture of the old man and his fellow prisoners, and in their premeditated murder upon a Virginia scaffold. To every member of the government—it matters not how anti-slavery he may be at heart—to every member of the Government which did these things, we say "*Thou art the man.*"

If you are intelligent enough to comprehend the relation of cause to effect, if you have sufficient mind to perceive that it is the members of the Government, and not the *machinery*—human or otherwise—by which they act, who are primarily responsible, your own conscience will tell you that the charge is a correct transcript from the records of the chancery of Heaven. Justify or palliate your position to your fellow-men if you can; tell them that you went into the government, and stay in it for the purpose of making it better. We care not to argue that point with you now. *How* you got into the government, and why you stay there matters little to John Brown. You *are* the government, and the government gave the old man up to be murdered, and we charge you with being one of his murderers.

When the drop falls, and John Brown is gasping for his life, when his career of martyrdom is closed by the hangman's hand, and Humanity demands, Who hath done this great wrong? then at last, let conscience and reason, and truth be heard in their declaration, "*Thou art the man.*"

MEETING IN CLEVELAND.

Seeing it announced in a Cleveland paper, that on Tuesday evening, the 8th inst, Parker Pillsbury would lecture in that city on John Brown, and his course at Harper's Ferry, we resolved to be on hand. Knowing the ability and eloquence of the speaker, feeling that the theme was one that ought to move the driest of conservatism's dry bones, and call up the very dead from their slumbers, we confidently anticipated a large and demonstrative gathering. We were disappointed. Of all of Cleveland's tens of thousands, we found assembled but a few score of live men and live women. "Ten righteous would have saved a city once," and Cleveland has more than that number. God grant the few there faith to believe, and firmness to stand, until Freedom's victory is won.

With such a speaker, and such a theme, and in such an hour it would have been impossible not to have had an eloquent vindication of Ossawatomie Brown, whose character was truthfully portrayed as a hero whose deeds were much more meritorious than those of Washington or La Fayette, and whose love of liberty and appreciation of human rights far transcended theirs.

But what cares Cleveland for Ossawatomie Brown? Its politicians use him so far as the Old Hero and his deeds can be made to advance the interests of our party and defeat the ends of the opposition. But so far as the great aim of his life is concerned, so far as relates to his recent vindication of human equality and defence of human rights, the Republicans of Cleveland are no better able to appreciate such matters, than are the Democrats there; and we would infinitely rather trust Gov. Wise to vindicate the character of the hero of 1859 than look to the Cleveland *Herald* or the Cleveland *Leader* for his defence. And what is true of the Republicans of Cleveland, is true—so far as we are able to learn—of Republicans in general.

OFFICIAL ACTION.

At a stated meeting of the Executive Committee of the Western Anti-Slavery Society held in Salem, Ohio, November 6th, 1859, the following Preamble and Resolution was unanimously adopted:—

Whereas, Captain JOHN BROWN, who has been sentenced by the Government of Virginia to be publicly hung on the 2nd of December next, because of his recent attempt at Harper's Ferry to practically establish upon Virginia soil the doctrines of the Declaration of American Independence; and

Whereas, In that attempt he did only what the charter of our political rights fully authorized him to do, observing in his course toward the foes of humanity, a moderation and a forbearance as unusual among warriors as it was commendable; and although the Western Anti-Slavery Society does not in its organized capacity resort, or propose to resort, to any measures of physical coercion for the overthrow of slavery, yet we, its Executive Committee, recognize in Captain JOHN BROWN, a true friend of impartial liberty, working out his own convictions of right, by means which he believed to be justified of God: therefore

Resolved, That in case Virginia shall persist in executing the sentence of its court upon Captain BROWN, we recommend to the members of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, and to all the true friends of freedom in the West, to observe the 2nd of December as a day consecrated to a renewal of their anti-slavery energies, and to an increase of their anti-slavery efforts; and that on that occasion they publicly or privately testify, in such manner as commends itself to their judgment, to their hatred of slavery, and their opposition to that government composed of *Democrats and Republicans*, which captured John Brown, and having shot down his sons by his side, handed the old wounded soldier to the authorities of Virginia for the mockery of a trial, and the ignominy of an execution.

Signed on behalf and by direction of Executive Committee:

JOHN GORDEN, *Chairman, pro. tem.*
BENJ. S. JONES, *Secretary.*

Gov. Wise has no power to pardon in a treason case. It can only be done by a joint resolution of both branches of the Legislature.

THE MESSAGE OF LYDIA MARIA CHILD TO JOHN BROWN IN HIS CELL.

"Old man, God bless you; you have struck a noble blow; you have done a mighty work; God was with you. Your heart was in the right place, and I send across five hundred miles the pulsations of a woman's gratitude."

MORE LETTERS.

[The Democrats are so anxious to furnish dark and mysterious letters from Brown's Carpet Bag, that some one who feared the supply was becoming exhausted has given the following to increase their stock.]

EGYPT, 1859.

DEAR BROWN: I will try and be home in time for our little affair in Virginia. I propose bringing a company of Zouaves to assist us. Go on in your glorious work. I send $2.

Yours, W. H. SEWARD.

CLEVELAND, 1859.

DEAR SIR: I will be at Harper's Ferry with 20,000 Republicans in time to carry out our plan. Senator Wade will shoot the President, and Grow will blow up the Capitol. It's all right. Mum's the word.

Yours, J. R. G.

BOSTON, 1859.

DEAR BROWN: I will be on hand with Governor Banks and the Massachusetts militia. Don't be frightened. I enclose $2. Horace G. says he won't fight, but sends a copy of the *Tribune* gratis. On to victory!

Yours, WILSON.

TWO OTHER LETTERS.

The epistolary contents of Brown's Carpet Bag has been partially spread before the community, and dark hints as to the character of the published and unpublished letters fall from the lips of every Democratic editor. It is amusing to see how much they make out of nothing, what terrible revelations of conspiracy they read in the innocent words of an insignificant letter, or an unimportant memorandum. These Democratic interpreters of epistolary correspondence are well represented in one of the characters in the immortal Pickwick papers. It will be remembered that in the celebrated suit of *Bardell vs. Pickwick*, Seargeant Buzfuz was employed as attorney for the plaintiff. Having obtained possession of a couple of letters written by the defendant, he thus alludes to them in his opening speech, as being excellent evidence to move the jury to give heavy damages to the afflicted widow, for Pickwick's alledged breach of promise.

"And now, gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed between these parties, letters which are admitted to be in the hand writing of the defendant, and which speaks volumes indeed. These letters, too, bespeak the character of the man. They are not open, fervent, eloquent epistles, breathing nothing but the language of affectionate attachment. They are covert, sly, underhanded communications, but, fortunately, far more conclusive than if couched in the most glowing language and the most poetic imagery—letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye—letters that were evidently intended at the time, by Pickwick, to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first:—'Garraway's, twelve o'clock. Dear Mrs. B.—Chops and Tomato sauce. Yours, PICKWICK.' Gentlemen, what does this mean? Chops and Tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick! Chops! Gracious heavens! and Tomato sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away, by such shallow artifices as these? The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious. 'Dear Mrs. B., I shall not be at home tomorrow. Slow coach.' And then follows this very remarkable expression—'Don't trouble yourself about the warming-pan!' The warming-pan! Why, gentlemen, who does trouble himself about a warming pan? When was the peace of mind of man or woman broken or disturbed by a warming-pan, which is in itself a harmless, a useful, and I will add, gentlemen, a comforting article of domestic furniture? Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a mere cover for hidden fire—a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconcerted system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion, and which I am not in a condition to explain? And what does this allusion to the slow coach mean? For aught I know, it may be a reference to Pickwick himself, who has most unquestionably been a criminally slow coach during the whole of this transaction, but whose speed will now be very unexpectedly accelerated, and whose wheels, gentlemen, as he will find to his cost, will very soon be greased by you!"

"But enough of this gentlemen, said Mr. Sergeant Buzfuz, "it is difficult to smile with an aching heart; it is ill jesting when our deepest sympathies are awakened. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined, and it is no figure of speech to say that her occupation is gone indeed. The bill is down—but there is no tenant. Eligible single gentlemen pass and repass—but there is no invitation for them to enquire within, or without. All is gloom and silence in the house; even the voice of the child is hushed; his infant sports are disregarded when his mother weeps; his 'alley tors,' and his 'commoneys' are alike neglected; he forgets the long familiar cry of 'knuckle down,' and at tip-cheese, or odd and even, his hand is out. But Pickwick, gentlemen, Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell street—Pickwick, who has choked up the well, and thrown ashes on the sward—Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless tomato sauce and warming-pan—Pickwick still rears his head in unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made. Damages, gentlemen—heavy damages, is the only punishment with which you can visit him, the only recompense you can award to my client. And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathising, a contemplative jury of her civilised countrymen."

Gov. Chase has appointed Thanksgiving for the 24th of November. Thirteen other States have also selected the same day, and it is probable that all others which appoint Thanksgiving will do the same, except, perhaps Virginia, which might esteem the 2nd of December as more appropriate.

The State Normal school building at Ypsilanti, Mich. together with its furniture, library &c, was recently burned. Loss $25,000.

The Steamer *New World*, a boat on the New York and Albany line, on a late trip broke some of her machinery, which falling with force upon the bottom of the boat, stove a hole through, by which the vessel rapidly sank. It is not known that any lives were lost.

An exchange states that the number of hogs in Ohio this year—at the time of the tax assessment, we presume—was 1,462,552. It is not mentioned whether this includes the biped, as well as quadruped variety of the animal.

Syracuse manufactures seven millions of bushels of salt yearly, being nearly one half the amount manufactured in the United States.

A large fire occured in New Orleans on the night of the 3rd inst. Seven or eight squares, thickly covered with small buildings were destroyed. The firemen were almost powerless from a scarcity of water.

On the night of the 3rd inst. a freight train of 41 cars ran off the track of the Central road, near Albany. The Locomotive and eight of the cars were made a wreck. No lives lost.

The Indiana State Agricultural Society has awarded a premium for the best ten acres of corn, to a farmer whose average was one hundred and twenty five bushels per acre. The premium awarded for the best five acres, was for a lot which averaged one hundred and eighty six bushels per acre—one of the five acres yielding two hundred and fourteen bushels.

KAGI.

Redpath says that Kagi was a Virginian who had emigrated to Kansas.

He had become a scientific military officer; and brilliant hopes were formed of his future by the friends who knew him best. He was a young man of clear and logical intellect; (he was engaged, when in Kansas, in writing a work on Mental philosophy)—but, unlike old Brown, was a skeptic on moral and religious matters; and engaged in the military anti-slavery enterprise rather from a naughty sense of duty to a friendless race, than of obedience to any special command from Deity. Brown believed that God spoke to him in visions of the night; Kagi neither believed in visions nor that God was the author of the drama of human history. He would have made his mark in any society. He died fighting bravely. He fought on the soil of his native State—in obedience to the lessons of her greatest statesman. For, to earnest men of the resistant school, Harper's Ferry is on the road that leads from Independence Hall. Brown only did, what Jefferson preached—attested by his actions, what Jefferson attested by his words, that all men are worthy of freedom, and entitled to it by Divine pre-ordainment.

GOOD!

At a recent meeting of the Worcester Co. (Mass.) Anti-Slavery Society, the following resolution was adopted.

Resolved, That, as Abolitionists, we have no disclaimers to make, no apologies to offer, for the recent attempt of certain Anti-Slavery men at Harper's Ferry, to break the rod of the oppressor by the same means by which our revolutionary fathers secured our own national independence. On the contrary, while, in the absence of all reliable information, we are unable to judge of the wisdom of their measures, we are prompt to avow our cordial sympathy with the spirit, and our devout admiration of the heroism of that valiant little band, who preferred to die struggling for their country's freedom, to living in a country where education is a crime, where marriage and the family relation are trampled into the dust, and a million of women are daily offered in the market for prostitution.

EXECUTION OF CAPT. BROWN.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of American Anti-Slavery Society, held in Boston, Nov. 1st, the following Resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That it is recommended to the friends of impartial freedom throughout the Free States, in case of the execution of Captain John Brown, now on trial for life in Virginia, to observe that tragical event, ON THE DAY OF ITS OCCURRENCE, in such manner as by them may seem most appropriate in their various localities—whether by public meetings and addresses, the adoption of resolutions, private conferences, or any other justifiable mode of action—for the furtherance of the Anti-Slavery cause, and renewedly to consecrate themselves to the patriotic and Christian work of effecting the abolition of that most dangerous, unnatural, cruel and impious system of slavery, which is the fruitful source of all our sectional heart-burnings and conflicts, which powerfully and increasingly tends to promote servile insurrections and civil war which cannot be more truly or more comprehensively described than as "THE SUM OF ALL VILLANIES," which is a burning disgrace and fearful curse to the whole country, and by the speedy extinction of which, alone, can the land be saved from violence, blood, and utter demoralization.

In behalf of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, *Pres.*
WENDELL PHILLIPS, } *Secretaries.*
CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, }

☞ Editors of newspapers are respectfully requested to copy the above.

THE DETROIT UNDERGROUND TRAIN.

In noticing the recent arrival at Detroit of a cargo of live freight consisting of twenty-six 'chattels' all the way from Missouri, and their safely landing in Canada, the Advertiser says:

"Their conductor was a gentleman well known to most of our readers for his exploits in Kansas, and his connection with certain exciting events in Missouri. They were taken through Nebraska, Iowa, and Illinois to Chicago, and then to Detroit. The gentleman who escorted the procession to this city, had about fifty thousand dollars worth of property stolen from him, or destroyed, in Kansas, by the Border Ruffians, and he is now practising the law of retaliation upon his plunderers. He informs us that a perfect panic has seized the slaveholders of Missouri, and that they are hurrying the slaves down south by the hundreds. Between the stampede South and their escape into Kansas, he says Missouri is to be a free State much sooner than the most sanguine have hoped. Several border counties have already been almost depopulated of slaves, and still the "irrepressible conflict" is going on."

THE TRACT SOCIETY IN THE WEST.—The pro-slavery flunkyism of the N. Y. American Tract Society is receiving the right sort of treatment in the West. A convention of the Western Evangelical Christians opposed to the policy of the American Tract Society on the slavery question was held, last week, in Chicago. The attendance was very large, embracing delegates from Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota. Resolutions were passed declaring that the tract agency is the most vital means for the promotion of the cause of Christ. That the efforts now making in our country to renew the African slave trade demand new testimony from the church against its abominations. That evangelical Christianity condemns slaveholding, as one of the highest crimes against God and man. That, in view of the refusal of the American Tract Society of New York to apply the Gospel to the sin of slaveholding, the time has come for the reorganization of the system of tract operations, with a view to meet the present emergencies of our common Christianity.

GEO. B FLEESHEIM

Will close out his auction sale in Whinery & Fawcett's block, this (Saturday) evening. Persons wanting watches, jewelry, silver spoons, butter knives, pocket knives, etc., could not do better than to give him a call, as he has the *very best*, and sells at remarkably low rates. Those who cannot conveniently call in the evening will find Mr. F. at his post throughout the day.

THE FAIR
OF THE
WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY

Will open on the twenty-third of December, eighteen hundred and fifty-nine, in the Town Hall of Salem, under the auspices of more favor and interest than any Fair hitherto held in this community.

The object of this gathering is already well understood, and we need only add that each succeeding year with its increased guilt of slaveholding, and its sorrowful sacrament of agony and death increases our obligation to the slave, and should give a new impulse to indefatigable and unfaltering labor.

While the Slave in the South writhes and groans in his fetters unheeded by all, and the demand is, more chains for the captives of a foreign shore—while the free north is blushing with shame and dismay at the insult and outrage of a pro-slavery Government, our course is plainly forward and revolutionary. Light, love, and labor only, will secure the unconditional emancipation of the slave.

The results of the Fair are, without exception, appropriated to the dissemination of faithful, radical Anti-Slavery sentiments.

We have already a large assortment of rare fancy goods, and with the liberal aid of our tried and true friends, shall offer our generous patrons the finest display of the useful and the elegant.

JOSEPHINE S. GRIFFING,
SARAH N. M'MILLAN,
SARAH BOWN,
MARGARET HISE,
EMILY ROBINSON,
J. ELIZABETH JONES,
ANGELINA DEMING,
ANN PEARSON,
LAURA BARNABY,
MRS. CHURCH.

TWENTY-SIXTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY,

In the month of January next, in Boston,
1860.

In a year when Americans finds themselves citizens of a country where the African slave trade is going on, and slave-hunting unforbidden, and sheltering the fugitive indicted as a crime, and the leading religious and political influences so dead to this public shame as to discountenance legislative reform, we are confident that we have only to open our subscription in order to be becomingly and effectually sustained by the awakening virtue of the people, in the enterprise to which our lives are given.

We entreat, then, all the friends of Liberty, and and the foes of Slavery, everywhere in the South as at the North—in Europe as in America—philosophers as well as Christians, Catholics no less than Protestants, to subscribe to a fund and a mode of expenditure which prepares the way before every sect, every party, every association; which makes all other men's anti-slavery labor light, and which has, for six and twenty years, been laying the foundations of many generations so as to exclude slavery from American institutions, and secure to posterity those blessings of liberty which the last generation passed away without enjoying.

THE UNDERSIGNED, while asking the favor of their subscribers' company, on their customary Anniversary occasion, are impelled by the goodness and the grandeur of the enterprise, by its indispensable necessity, by the universal and fundamental character of its principles, to entreat also the assistance of *all*. The crisis in the nation's life makes the occasion—one which will be worth crossing the ocean to participate in. And while thanking our European friends for their generous co-operation of last year with America, we ask its continuance yet a little longer, till a spirit of devotedness adequate to this great world-enterprise shall have been here awakened.

From this day forward through the year we begin to arrange our efforts, and economize our means, greater or smaller as the case may be, to meet this great national claim; and we desire all who would see slavery abolished, and truth, honor peace, liberty and safety in righteousness restored to meet us at its close, for cheer, counsel, sacrifice resolve and generous co-operation.

MARIA W. CHAPMAN,	LYDIA D. PARKER,
MARY MAY,	ELIZA F. EDDY,
LOUISA LORING,	ABBY FRANCIS,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,	SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
L. MARIA CHILD,	ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,	SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,	EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,	ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,	AUGUSTA G. KING,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,	ELIZABETH VON ARNAM,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,	ANNA SHAW GREENE,
CAROLINE WESTON,	ELLEN ATKINSON,
MARY WILLEY,	ANNE LANGDON ALDEN,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,	MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
SUSAN C. CABOT,	MATTIE GRIFFITH,

ELIZA ANDREW.

☞ Editors of journals friendly to the cause, are, for its sake, earnestly entreated to oblige us by giving the above invitation an insertion; and our friends everywhere will confer the greatest favor on us, and a benefit to the cause and the country, by bringing it to the notice of the friends of Freedom.

SALEM QUARTERLY MEETING
OF THE
FRIENDS OF HUMAN PROGRESS.

The next meeting will held at
FAIRMOUNT,
Sunday, November 12th, 1859, at 11 o'clock.
ESTHER HARRIS, } *Clerks.*
ISAAC TRESCOTT, }

Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railroad.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

GOING WEST.

LEAVE	EXPRESS.	MAIL.	EVE'G EXPRESS.
Pittsburg	12:15 a.m.	6:50 a.m.	12:50 p.m.
Columbiana		9:23 a.m.	3:16 p.m.
Salem	2:41 a.m.	9:47 a.m.	3:42 p.m.
Alliance	3:07 a.m.	10:15 a.m.	4:10 p.m.

GOING EAST.

LEAVE	EXPRESS.	MAIL.	EVE'G EXPRESS.
Crestline	12:25 p.m.	7:00 a.m.	7:32 p.m.
Alliance	4:25 p.m.	11:30 a.m.	[illegible] p.m.
Salem	5:12 p.m.	12:18 p.m.	11:40 p.m.
Columbiana	5:37 p.m.	12:44 p.m.	12 m.

Cleveland & Pittsburg Railroad.

ARRIVAL OF TRAINS AT ALLIANCE.

	GOING NORTH.	GOING SOUTH.
Mail	4:37 a.m.	12:20 p.m.
Accommodation	8:32 a.m.	7:40 p.m.
Express	4:28 p.m.	[illegible] p.m.

Enlargement
—OF—
M'MILLAN'S
BOOK STORE.
NEW BOOKS, STATIONERY, &C., &C.

A full assortment of Historical, Poetical, Scientific, Biblical, Juvenile, Law, and elegantly bound Gift Books.

SCHOOL AND MUSIC BOOKS.

Wholesale and Retail. A large stock and great variety of Foolscap, Mercantile Post, Bath Post, Commercial Note and Billet Papers of various sizes, plain and fancy. Envelopes, plain and fancy, and all sizes; Unruled Papers, Drawing Paper in roll, Tracing Cloth, Pattern & Tissue Paper, and materials for flowers. Arnold's Maynard&Noyes, Copying, Carmine, Red and Indelible Inks. Copying Books, Blank Books, Memorandums and Pass Books in great variety. Writing Books, Slate Pencils, Pelton's Outline Maps, Steel Pens, &c., *Warranted Gold Pens,* Inkstands, Artists' Colors and Brushes, Purses, Pocket Books, Pictures, Penholders, &c. Printers' Cards, Reward and Visiting Cards. A large assortment of Wall Paper; cheap Window Fixtures, consisting of Rollers, Brackets, Cord, Tassels, Oil Cloth, Oil Shades, plain and fancy Papers, all of which the public is invited to call and examine.

"All of our customers, who come by night,
Will see our name in letters of living light,"
in the front window.
J. M'MILLAN.
Salem, Nov. 5, 1859.

J. Heaton,
OF THE
"SALEM EXCHANGE,"
Is now in receipt of a FULL STOCK of
FALL & WINTER GOODS;

Everything in the line of Dress Goods—Fashionable Dress Silks, Bonnets and Bonnet Ribbons, Rich Plumes, Dress Trimming, Moreno Shirting, Celebrated Skeleton Shirts, Corsets, Buckskin Gauntlets and Gloves, Woolen and Fleecy-lined Hosiery, Fall & Winter Shawls, Very Large Assortment Broche Shawls, also, a Heavy Stock Domestic Muslin from 6 cts to 12 cts. House Furnishing Goods and Carpets Carpet Chain Cloths, Casinets, and Cassimeres. Clothing Ready-Made and Made to Order; Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Salt, Sole Leather, Fish, Queensware, Groceries and Hardware. WANTED;—Any quantity of Butter and Eggs, for which the highest cash price will be paid; also, Hides, Wool, Pelts and Dried Apples.
Salem, Nov. 5, 1859.

NOTION AND VARIETY
STORE!!!

Please call and examine our stock of Dry Goods and Notions, DeLaines, Prints, Bleached and Brown Muslins, Chitses, Ginghams, Drillings, Bleached and Brown Cotton Flannels, Plaid, Striped, Plain, Swiss Mull and Book Muslins, Friend's Book Muslin Hdk'fs, Shirt Collars, Baby Flannels, Gents' and Ladies' Hdk'fs, Hosiery of all kinds, Gents' and Ladies' Gloves, Knitting Cotton and Woolen Yarn, Pocket Books, Porte Monnaies, Ladies' Reticules and Fancy Purses, Sheet Wadding, Cotton Batting, Ladies' Gauntlets, Woolen Hoods, Grenadine for veils, Needles, Pins, Cottons, Tapes, Bonnet Ratans, Silk Ovals, Corsets, Skirt Supporters and Notions of all kinds. We call particular attention to our present stock E. B. BARE. as it is the most attractive stock that we have ever been able to offer to our numerous friends, customers and the public generally. Store, one door west of M'Millan's Book Store.
E. B. BARE.
Salem, Oct 22, 1859.

A RESIDENCE WORTH $600
For Sale for $500.
SITUATED on EAST MAIN ST., NEXT WEST OF ISAAC TRESCOTT'S RESIDENCE.
ISAAC TRESCOTT.
[illegible]
Salem, Oct. 1, 1859.

JOB WORK NEATLY EXECUTED.

BLANK DEEDS, Mortgages, Judgment Notes, Executions and Summons for sale at this Office.

Miscellaneous.

Written for the A. S. Bugle.

FOR THE NATIONS.

"A curse from the depths of womanhood
Is salt and bitter" but is it good?
"I heard an angel speak last night,
And he said "write!
"Write now to all mankind for me
"And send it o'er the land and sea."
[Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Ye are a band of brothers, all
The great, the small,
Shall ye send curses to each other?
Will curses gain an erring brother?

A brother in an ancient day,
Was heard to say
How many times shall I forgive
My brother? What did he receive?

No curses for his brother's crimes!
But "Seven times!
Nay seven times seventy" shall his sin
A brother's prompt forgiveness win.

Then ye assembled tribes of Earth
Brothers by birth
Hope not to win, by words unkind,
The erring soul—the deaf—the blind.

The unbelieving, though the dead
Should sound their tread,
Would turn away the unheeding ear—
Would they could learn! would they could hear!

Alas! "they know not what they do"
Remaineth true,
And nought but love divine will shed
One ray of light to wake the dead.

Brothers against their brothers stand
In every land,
And the dread deed of murderous Cain
Is acted o'er and o'er again.

And many a Joseph yet is sold
For worshiped gold,
Brothers receive the price of blood,
Which cries against such brotherhood!

Surely as "Abel's blood did cry"
To God on high,
And surely as he heard it then
He hears it now ye sons of men!

Surely as Pharaoh's plagues of old
Came as foretold,
So surely will your plagues appear,
The clouds are dark the thunders near.

Oh! hear ye not its muttering deep?
Wake from your sleep!
Wake! ere in sorrow ye begin
To reap the wages of your sin.

If from your evil ye shall turn
And wisdom learn,
The sin now lying at your door
Shall never be remembered more.

That which doth curse shall pass away—
A brighter day,
Teeming with blessings shall descend,
And all unrighteousness shall end.

Why wait for miracles apart
From thine own heart?
There is thy work, Repent! Obey!
Thus did the Angel bid me say.

"Oh world!" he said, "it yet may be
"My joy to see
"That thou like Nineveh shalt stand
"Saved by the righteous of the land.

'Twas said when she in Jonah's days
"Left evil ways"
The promised curse with sin had gone
That tree which curses grew upon.

Though "six score thousand persons" there
So stolid were
"None knew the right hand from the left"
Yet mercy was in Heaven's gift.

S.

THE CABIN BOY.

A SHIPMASTER'S STORY.

On my way across the Sound I fell in with two old sea captains—John Streeter and Asa Morton—with whom I had some slight acquaintance. Capt. Streeter was about three score, and had followed the sea during most of his life. Morton was considerable younger, but still a seaman of much experience. The subject of the abolition of flogging in our navy came up in course of conversation, and Capt. Morton expressed himself very decidedly in favor of that time honored institution, the cat-o-nine-tails.

'I am not prepared to say,' remarked Captain Streeter, in reply, 'that the condition of our man-o'wars-men will be in every case benefitted by the abolition of flogging, though I am sure that it might be so. I mean that the officers have it within their power to do away with all kinds of punishment. I mean, of course, for such offences as are usually punished on shipboard.'

"For my part," returned Morton, 'I shouldn't care to take command of a ship if the power of punishing refractory seamen as I thought proper were taken from me.'

'Well,' said Captain Streeter, 'I used to think just so. In fact, there were but few masters more passionate or severe than I was. Men used to run away from me, and on more than one occasion my life has been in danger from the violence of men whom I had abused. I used the cat and the rope's end almost as freely as I used my tongue; and I used to wonder how it happened that I always had the luck to get such bad men.

When I was about forty years of age, I took command of the ship *Petersham*. She was an old craft, and had seen full as much service as she was capable of seeing with safety. But her owners were willing to trust a valuable cargo in her, so I wouldn't refuse to trust myself. We were bound to Liverpool, and nothing unusual happened until about the eighth day out, when we ran foul of a small iceberg. It was early in the morning, before sunrise, and not above six or eight feet of ice was above water, it having nearly all been melted in the warm waters of the Gulf Stream. I did not think we had sustained much injury, (it happened at night,) but I was very angry and gave the look-out a severe punishment, without stopping to inquire whether he could have seen the iceberg in time to escape it.

My cabin-boy was named Jack Withers. He was fourteen years of age, and this was his first voyage. I had taken him from a widowed mother, and had promised her that I would see him well treated—that was, if he behaved himself. He was a bright, quick, intelligent lad. I [illegible] believe that he had an awful disposition. I fancied that he was the most stubborn piece of humanity I had ever come across. I made up my mind he had never been properly governed, and resolved to break him in. I told him I'd curb his temper before I had done with him. In reply he told me that I might kill him, if I liked; and I flogged him with the end of the mizzen-topgallant halliards till he could hardly stand. I asked him if he had got enough, and he told me I might flog him more if I wished to. I felt a strong inclination to throw the boy overboard, but at that moment he staggered back against the mizzen-mast from absolute weakness, and I left him to himself. When I reasoned calmly about the boy's disposition, I was forced to acknowledge that he was one of the smartest and most faithful lads I had ever seen. When I asked him to do anything he would be off like a rocket; but when I roughly ordered him to do it, then came the disposition with which I found fault.

One day when it was very near noon, I spoke to him, and told him to go below and bring up my quadrant. He was looking over the quarter rail, and I knew he did not hear me, and the next time I spoke I ripped out an oath, and intimated that if he didn't move I'd help him.

'I didn't hear ye," he said, with an independent tone.

'No words,' said I.

'I s'pose I can speak,' he retorted, moving slowly towards the companion way.

His looks, words, and the slow, careless manner in which he moved, fired me in a moment, and I grasped him by the collar.

'Speak to me again like that, and I'll flog you within an inch of your life,' said I.

'You can flog away,' he replied, firm and undaunted as a rock.

And I did flog him. I caught up the end of a rope, and beat him until my arm fairly ached; but he never winced.

'How's that,' said I.

'There's a little more life in me you'd better flog out,' was the reply.

And I beat him again. I beat him till he sank from my hand against the rail; and then I sent one of the men for my quadrant. When it came and I had adjusted it for my observation, I found that the sun was already past the meridian, and that I was too late. This added fuel to the fire of my madness, and quickly seizing the lad by the collar, I led him to the main hatchway, and had the hatch taken off. I then thrust him down and swore I would keep him there till his stubbornness was broken. The hatch was then put on, and I went into the cabin. I suffered a good deal that afternoon, not with any compunctions for what I had done, but with my own temper, and bitterness. It made me mad to think that I could not conquer that boy—that I could not break down his cool, stern opposition. 'But I will do it,' I said to myself, 'by the heavens above me, I'll starve him into it, or he shall die under the operation.'

After supper I went to the hatchway, and called out to him, but he returned me no answer. So I closed the hatch and went away. At ten o'clock I called again, and again I got no answer. I might have thought that the flogging had taken away his senses, had not some of the men assured me that they had heard him not an hour before, talking to himself. I did not trouble him again till morning. After breakfast I went to the hatchway and called out to him once more. I heard nothing from him, nor could I see him—I had not seen him since I put him down there. I called out several times, but he would make no reply—and yet the same men told me they had heard him talking that very morning. He seemed to be calling on them for help, but he would not ask for me. I meant to break him into it. 'He'll beg before he'll starve,' I thought, and so determined to let him stay there. I supposed that he had crawled forward to the forecastle bulkhead, in order to make the sailors hear him. Some of the men asked leave to go down and look for him, but I refused. I threatened to punish the first man that dared to go down.

At noon I went again, and as he did not answer me this time, I resolved that he should come to the hatchway and ask for me, ere I went any more. The day passed away, and when evening came again I began to be startled. I thought of the many good qualities the boy had, and of his widowed mother. He had been in the hold thirty six hours, and all of forty without food or drink. He must be too weak to cry out now. It was hard for me to give up, but if he died there from absolute starvation, it might go harder with me still. So at length I made up my mind to go and see him. It was not quite sundown when I had the hatch taken off, and I jumped down upon the boxes alone.

A little way forward I saw a space where Jack might easily have gone down, and to that point I crawled on my hands and knees. I called out there but could get no answer. A short distance farther was a wide space which I had entirely forgotten, but which I now remembered had been left open on account of a break in the floor of the hold, which would have let everything that migh have been stowed there rest directly upon the thin planking of the ship.

To this place I made my way, and looked down. I heard the splashing of water, and thought I could detect a sound like the incoming of a tiny jet, or stream. At first I could see nothing, but as soon as I became used to the dim light, I could distinguish the faint outlines of the boy at some distance below me. He seemed to be sitting on the broken floor, with his feet stretched out against the cask. I called out to him and thought he looked up.

'Jack, are you there?'

And he answered me in a faint, weary tone!

'Yes, help me! For heaven's sake, help me! Bring men and bring a lantern—the ship has sprung a leak!"

I hesitated, and he added in a more eager tone—

'Make haste!—I will try and hold it till you come back.'

I waited to hear no more, but hurried on deck as soon as possible and returned with a lantern and three men. I leaped down beside the boy, and could scarcely believe the evidence of my own senses. Three of the timbers were completely worm-eaten to the very heart, and one of the outer planks had been broken and would burst in any moment the boy might leave it, whose feet were braced against the cask before him. Half-a-dozen little jets of water were streaming in about him, and he was wet to the skin. I saw that the plank must burst the moment the strain was removed from it, so I made my men brace themselves against it before I lifted him up. Other men were called down with planks, and spikes, and adzes, and with much care and trouble we finally succeeded in stopping the leak, and averting danger. The plank which had been stove in was six feet long by eight inches wide, and would have let in a stream of water of that capacity. It would have been beyond our reach long ere we could have discovered it, and would have sunk us in a very short time. I knew it must be where the iceberg struck us.

Jack Withers was taken to the cabin, and there he managed to tell his story. Shortly after I put him in the hold he crawled forward, and when he became used to the dim glimmer that came through the dead lights, looked about for a snug place in which to lie, for his limbs were sore. He went to sleep, and when he awoke he heard a faint sound, like water streaming through a small hole. He went to the open place in the cargo, and looked down, and he was sure he could see a small jet of water springing up from the ship's bottom. He leaped down, and in a few minutes found that the timbers had given wholly away, and that the stream was increasing in size. He placed his hand upon the plank, and found it broken, and discovered that the pressure of the water without was pressing it inward. He had sense enough to see that if it gained an inch more it must all go, and the ship be lost, and perhaps all hands perish. And he saw, too, that if he could keep the broken plank in its place he might stop the incoming flood. So he sat himself upon it and braced his feet against the cask, and then called for help. But he was so far away, so low down, with such a dense mass of the cargo about him, that his voice scarcely reached other ears than his own. Some of the men heard him, but thought he was talking to himself.

And there he sat, with his feet braced, for four-and-twenty dreary hours, with the water spurting in tiny streams all over him, drenching him to the skin. He had thought several times of going to the hatchway and calling for help; but he knew that the broken plank would be forced in if he left it, for he could feel it heave beneath him. His strength was failing him—his limbs were racked with pain—but he would not give up. I asked him if he should not have given up if I had not come as I did. He answered that he could not have done it while he had life in him. He said he thought not of himself—he was ready to die—but he would save the rest if he could—and he had saved us, surely saved us all, from a watery grave.

That boy lay sick almost unto death; but I nursed him with my own hands—nursed him all through his delirium; and when his reason returned, and he could sit up and talk, I then bowed myself before him, and humbly asked his pardon for all the wrong I had done him. He threw his arms about my neck, and told me if I would be good to him, he would never give me cause for offence; and added as he sat up again—'I am not a coward; I couldn't be a dog.'

From that hour I never forgot those words; and and from that hour I have never struck a blow on board my ship. I make men feel that they are men—that I so regard them, and that I wish to make them as comfortable and happy as possible; and I have not failed to gain their respect and confidence. I give no undue license, but make my crew feel that they have a friend and a superior in the same person. For nine years I sailed in three different ships, with the same crew. A man couldn' be hired to leave me save for an officer's berth.

And Jack Withers remained with me thirteen years. He was my cabin boy; one of the foremost hands; my second mate; and the last time he sailed with me he refused the command of a new barque because he would not be separated from me. But he is a captain now, and one of the best this country ever afforded.

Such, gentlemen, is my experience in government and discipline on ship board."

* * *

THE WINE GLASS.—Who hath woe?
Who hath sorrow? Who hath
contentions? Who hath wounds
without cause? Who hath red-
ness of eyes? They that tarry
too long at the wine! They
that go to seek mixed wine!
Look not thou upon the
wine when it is red, its
color in the cup, when
it moveth itself
aright. At
the last it
biteth like
a serpent,
and stingeth like an adder.

* * *

A word of admonition from Dr. Fuller, of Baltimore, in a letter to Geo. Trask:

"For my own part, I am persuaded that tobacco is doing even more mischief than even intoxicating liquors. At the Virginia Springs, some time ago, I took the trouble to inquire of the invalids there, and almost every sufferer from rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, lumbargo, paralysis, blindness and all manner of diseases, confessed to me—after some feeble attempt to defend this drug—that it was the cause of their sufferings, adding that they could not give it up. Some years ago, I met a friend from Georgia, in Paris, who told me he knew tobacco was ruining his health; but as he could not abandon it, he had crossed the ocean, to see if Brussels could not enable him to gain his health without relinquishing this baneful habit. I know more than one minister of the Gospel who would now be vigorous in mind and body, had they not used tobacco, but are mentally, physically, wrecks. And it is sad to think of their account to God for this suicide."

* * *

Aunt Dorothy had a wonderful fondness for singing in Methodist meetings, the negro meetings, especially in missionary meetings. Then her voice would be heard above all the rest, screaming out, "From Greenland's icy moundings," or some other equally moving hymn. But when the plates came around for the collection, Aunt Dorothy always sang louder, and still louder, with her eyes fixed on the wall, so that she never saw the collector till he had passed her seat. One night she was thus rapt in ecstacy, singing at the top of her voice and gazing at the ceiling, "Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel," when Jack Bones came along with the plate, and, touching the old woman with his left hand, said, "Look a here, Aunty, you needn't keep on singing 'fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel', 'less you gib someting to make it fly."

* * *

COMMERCE AND RELIGION.—Henry Ward Beecher said the other evening in a lecture at Philadelphia:

Commercial experience was beginning to teach men that *liberty is profitable*; and, said he, let every storekeeper in the land once get the idea that this is true—that the dollar-and-cents interest of the world teaches *liberty*—and every doctor of divinity will swear that the *Bible* teaches the same thing! [Laughter.] He did not mean a profane oath, of course, but a missionary oath. [Renewed laughter.]

THE LAST LOOK.

Behold! not him we knew!
This was the prison which his soul looked through,
Tender, and brave, and true.

His voice no more is heard;
And his dead name—that dear, familiar word—
Lies on his lips unstirred.

He spake with poet's tongue;
Living, for him the minstrel's lyre was strung;
He shall not die unsung!

Grief tried his love, and pain;
And the long bondage of his martyr chain
Vexed his sweet soul—in vain!

I felt life's surges break,
As girt with stormy seas, his island lake,
Smiling, while tempests wake.

How can we sorrow more?
Grieve not for him whose heart has gone before
To that untrodden shore!

Lo! thro' its leafy screen,
A gleam of sunlight on a ring of green,
Untrodden, half unseen!

Here let his body rest,
Where the calm shadows, that his soul loved best,
May slide above his breast.

Smooth his uncurtained bed;
And if some natural tears are softly shed,
It is not for the dead.

Fold the green turf aright,
For the long hours before the morning's light,
And say the last Good Night!

And plant a clear white stone
Close by the mounds which hold his loved, his own;
Lonely, but not alone.

Here let him, sleeping, lie,
Till Heaven's bright watchers slumber in the sky,
And Death himself shall die!

* * *

A FIRST-RATE STORY FOR LAWYERS.

It is probable that every lawyer of any note has heard and read of the celebrated Luther Martin of Maryland. His great effort in the case of Aaron Burr, as well as his displays in the Senate of the United States, will not be forgotten. Trifles in the history of genius are important, as we hope to show in the story.

Mr. Martin was on his way to Annapolis, to attend the Supreme Court of the State. A solitary passenger was in the stage with him, and, as the weather was extremely cold, the passengers soon resorted to conversation to divert themselves from too much sensibility to the inclement air. The young man knew Martin by sight, and as he was also a lawyer, the thread of talk soon began to spin itself out of legal matters.

"Mr. Martin," said the young man, "I am just entering on my career as a lawyer; can you tell me the secret of your great success? If, sir, you will give from experience the key to distinction at the Bar, I will"——

"Will what?" exclaimed Martin.

"Why, sir, I will pay your expenses while you are at Annapolis."

"Done. Stand to your bargain now, and I'll furnish you with the great secret of my success as a lawyer."

The young man assented.

"Very well," said Mr. Martin. 'The whole secret of my success is contained in one little maxim, which I early laid down to guide me. If you follow it, you cannot fail to succeed. It is this: '*Always be sure of your evidence.*'"

The listener was very attentive, smiled, threw himself back in a philosophical posture, and gave his brain to the analysis, with true lawyer patience "Always be sure of your evidence."

It was too cold a night for anything to be made pecuniary out of the old man's wisdom, and so the promising adept in maxim-learning gave himself to stage dreams, in which he was knocking and pushing his way through the world by the all-powerful words, "Always be sure of your evidence."

The morning came, and Mr. Martin, with his practical student, took rooms at the best hotel in the city. The only thing peculiar to the hotel, in the eyes of the young man, was that the wine bottles and the *et ceteras* of fine living seemed to recall very vividly the maxim about the evidence.

The young man watched Mr. Martin. Wherever eating and drinking was concerned, he was indeed a man to be watched, especially in the latter, as he was immoderately fond of the after-dinner, after-supper, after everything luxury of wine. A few days were sufficient to show the incipient legalist that he would have to pay dearly for his knowledge, as Mr. Martin seemed resolved to make the most of his part of the contract.

Lawyers, whether young or old, have legal rights, and so the young man began to think of the study of self-protection. It was certainly a solemn duty. It ran through all creation. Common to animals and men, it was a noble instinct not to be disobeyed, particularly where the hotel bills of a lawyer were concerned. The subject daily grew on the young man. It was all-absorbing to the mind and pocket. A week elapsed, and Mr. Martin was ready to return to Baltimore. So was the young man, but not in the same stage with his illustrious teacher.

Mr. Martin approached the counter in the bar-room. The young man was an anxious spectator near him.

"Mr. Clerk," said Mr. Martin, "my young friend, Mr. ——, will settle my bill, agreeable to the engagement."

The young man said nothing, but looked everything.

"He will attend to it, Mr. Clerk, as we have already had a definite understanding on the subject. He is pledged, professionally pledged to pay my bill," he hurriedly repeated.

"*Where's your evidence?*" asked the young man.

"Evidence?" sneered Mr. Martin.

"Yes, sir," said the young man, demurely, "*Always be sure of your evidence.* Mr. Martin. Can you prove the bargain?"

Mr. Martin saw the snare, and pulling out his pocket book, paid the bill, and with great good humor assured the young man,

"You will do, sir, and get through the world with your profession without advice from me."

* * *

Rev. George Trask, the anti-tobacco preacher, succeeded in obtaining a hearing on his favorite theme at the late meeting of the A. B. C. F. M. The question, How to keep the Board free from debt? being up for discussion, he showed by a collection of statistics that enough tobacco was used by "evangelical Christians" in a single year to support five American Boards, and pay the expenses of every missionary family now on the field of labor.

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